

Ontario Workman.

THE EQUALIZATION OF ALL ELEMENTS OF SOCIETY IN THE SOCIAL SCALE SHOULD BE THE TRUE AIM OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1872.

NO. 17

WORKINGMEN OF ST. JOHN'S WARD.

ENTHUSIASTIC GATHERING.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

LECTURE BY MR. ROBERT WILKES.

THE TABLES TURNED.

THE MEETING PRONOUNCES IN FAVOR OF MR. SHANLY.

A meeting of the workingmen was called by Mr. Robert Wilkes, the "Grit" candidate for the Central Division of Toronto, at the Mission House, Elizabeth street, last Thursday evening, for the purpose of addressing them on the subject of "Capital and Labor." The object of the lecture was evidently a political one, but the intelligent workingmen who went there, were fully prepared to meet the arguments offered by Mr. Wilkes.

By eight o'clock the building was fairly packed with mechanics interested, to the number of at least four or five hundred. Among those present, were Mr. R. Wilkes, R. Jaffray, W. Anderson, J. Hewitt, A. Scott, J. S. Williams, A. McCormack, W. Levesley, J. Dance, J. Harrington, Dr. Howson, J. Macdonald, W. Millichamp, W. West, E. K. Dodds, H. W. Meredith and others.

Mr. A. McCormack, President of the Toronto Trades Assembly, was unanimously elected chairman.

The chairman having called the meeting to order, said that as Mr. Wilkes had not yet arrived it would be necessary for the meeting to exercise a little patience until he put in an appearance.

A few minutes having elapsed, Mr. Wilkes appeared and was introduced by the chairman, who requested the audience to remain quiet and orderly and give the speakers a patient hearing.

Mr. Wilkes then came forward, and expressed himself gratified at meeting so many of the intelligent mechanics of the city on a question in which they were all deeply interested, viz, the relations of capital to labor. He proceeded to give a history of Trades Unions and the cause of their springing into existence. It was about the beginning of the present century that they were first originated. The cause of their springing into existence was the introduction of steam-power and machinery as an opponent to hand-power. The working-classes had at first endeavored to battle against steam-power, but they soon found that the power of the human arm must give way and that the power of the brain would gain the supremacy. They soon hailed it as their aid. He then proceeded to relate a few facts relative to the condition of the working-classes previous to the introduction of steam-power and Trades Unions. At that time in England, in the iron trade, the average rate of wages was 10 shillings, or \$2½ per week. In the Sheffield steel and cutlery trades the average wages was 13s 6d or \$3.25 or \$3.40 per week. In the cotton trade 8s to 9 shillings per week was the wages in those days. In the crockery trade of Sheffield the wages were 9s 6d per week, and in the coal mines of Newcastle 15s 6d. In round numbers there was not more than 20 per cent. paid 100 years ago in proportion to the wages of the present day. A large advance had taken place. He referred to the intermediate period—the year 1837—a period when Canada was contending for the right of responsible government. The iron-workers of Birmingham, Rotherham and Wolverhampton, were receiving from 20s to 30s per week. In the Sheffield trades they had increased from 8s 3d to 25s or 26s per week in a period of 35 years. In the cotton trades from 12s 6d to 25s. The agricultural laborer, 800 hundred years ago, was

receiving from 6 to 8 shillings per week. In 1847 they had risen to 10 shillings per week. All other branches of industry had risen at a greater average.

A voice—Let us have something about politics.

Mr. Wilkes—I am not in that line to-night.

A voice—We knew all about what you are telling us long ago.

Another voice—What do you know about workingmen?

Another—He ain't one at all.

Mr. Wilkes continued—Provisions had not risen in a like proportion to the increase of wages. Tea and coffee were cheaper now than 100 years ago. (Cries of Hinks did that.) He had just thrown these few facts together to give them an idea of the state of things at the time Trades Unions sprung into existence. It was endeavored to keep down these Unions by legislative oppression. (Cries of "Brown" and "Globe.") That legislative oppression was only in England, and did not exist more than 14 years.

A voice—Tell us something about Toronto.

The chairman here explained that the meeting had been called to discuss the question of Capital and Labor.

A voice—We have had all that in the *Globe*. (Laughter.)

Mr. Wilkes proceeded to show the large amount of money which had been subscribed from time to time in England for the support of Trades Unions.

A voice—Tell us about Canada.

Mr. Wilkes thought that most of them were interested in and had sprung from the "old root." Although some raised the cry of independence, he would say England for ever. (Cheers.)

Mr. Wilkes proceeded amid considerable uproar.

Mr. Hewitt here rose and said he came there to hear the remarks of Mr. Wilkes, and if that gentleman said anything objectionable to the workingmen of the City of Toronto there were men present among them who were qualified to reply. He hoped they would allow Mr. Wilkes to proceed.

Mr. Wilkes then proceeded to say that he did not desire to dwell upon the historical aspect of the subject, and would come down to the present day. Capital became accumulated, and became a power in individual hands. This was necessary to all countries for the carrying on of all great works. If this centralization of capital were legalized, it became necessary for the workingmen to be allowed some legalization for their own protection. It was alleged that these combinations of workingmen led to the expenditure of a large amount of money. It was, however, necessary in order that they might have power to protect their own interests to be united. There were no objections to combinations of the working classes in England, and they in Canada could now feel satisfied that they were free to combine to maintain their rights. If anything against their being allowed to do so remained on, the statute books it was time it was removed.

A voice—Sir John A. Macdonald has done so. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Wilkes had read charges which had been made against the working men, (cries of the *Globe*) he had read charges that these unions were formed for party purposes. If such were the case, the workingmen were responsible for it. If such things were perpetrated every working man should withdraw from them. The danger of all these organizations consisted in the abuse of the power which they possessed. Perhaps money had been thrown away which, if put to some other use, might have put money in the workingmen's pockets. He did not object to the last reserve which every union held behind it; the strike was the great reserve every workingman held behind him, but it should not be resorted to until every other means had failed, as it cost them money. He hoped the time would come when all questions arising between the laboring

classes and capitalists would be settled by arbitration: when the workingman should have his Board of Arbitration, composed of his own equals, and meet the capitalists' Board on a perfect equality, and these together should decide the matter in dispute. (Cheers.) This was the only mode by which such questions could be satisfactorily settled. There was one great thing in connection with Trades Unions—that was honesty of administration of the funds subscribed for the maintenance of such Unions. He hoped the time was coming when these funds could be legally invested in good securities for the benefit of the Unions. No better securities could be found than the securities of the Dominion, and he felt proud in saying so. (Cheers.) No man could deny but that the workingmen had a right to organize for their own protection, and that they had as much right to sell their labor as a merchant had to sell his goods, and if they could sell a half day's labor for what others would sell a day for they would be foolish if they did not do so. He thought there should be an organized system of registration of workingmen throughout the country in all towns and villages, so that men when out of work would be enabled to ascertain at what places they would be most likely to obtain employment. Another idea which he maintained to be a good one was the appointment of an inspector of buildings. The duties of such inspector would be to inspect all houses erected, before being let, and receive proof of the same being fit for habitation, and having all the necessaries for a family. He believed in employers giving a bonus or share of their profits to those men whom they thought deserving of such. He desired that they should not think, because he was brought into a political contest, unsolicited (cries of "bogus petition"), that he spoke of this; he gave every man who worked for him his Saturday afternoon's holiday, and he would like to see others doing likewise. (Applause.)

Mr. Andrew Scott having been loudly called for ascended the platform, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. He said that at no time was he reluctant to let his voice be heard, especially when the subject on which he spoke was one in which he was interested. He had seen in the *Globe* (groans)—he took up that paper sometimes to glance at it—that a meeting was to be held in St. John's Ward, to discuss the subject of Capital and Labor. He was a Trades Union man, and felt interested in the subject, but felt somewhat surprised that a candidate on the eve of an election should take up the subject. He was always glad to hear any remarks on this great question. The workingmen had just passed through an ordeal, in which all classes were more or less interested, and in which all classes of workingmen came forward. (Cries of where was Wilkes then?)

Mr. Wilkes—I was in Europe.

Mr. Scott continued—If they had heard from Mr. Wilkes then what they have heard that night, then they might have been benefited by the same. There were some allusions made at the introduction of Mr. Wilkes' address to the electors which was almost a rehearsal of what had appeared in the columns of the *Globe*. Since he had come to this country he had taken a particular interest in these columns, and he had seen, as they all saw, that the proprietor of that journal had taken good care to keep clear of all questions affecting capital and labor in this country. He had crossed the Atlantic to the old country on the subject, but directly it had been agitated in this country down he goes on the workingmen. Mr. Wilkes had said he was not there in connection with political matters. If such was the case then his visit was of no interest to the workingmen of the city, for all of them had their hearts set on politics at the present time, because the subject affected them. (Hear, hear.) They had arrived at the time when workingmen felt they should have an interest in politics. They had two candidates now in the field soliciting their support, and it ought to be a felt duty to endeavor to choose the better

of the two, and only by their united efforts could they expect to elect their candidates. It was the duty of the workingmen to send those to Parliament upon whom they can rely. He had no reason to believe that they could not put confidence in the gentleman who had addressed them, but he regretted that he was unfortunately allied to a party of politicians who had never hitherto shown an interest in Trades Unions. There were a few good men in their ranks, but it seemed a pity they should have been deluded into such ranks. It seemed that the "Grit" faction were a multitude of misguided politicians, who were led and ruled by a tyrannical leader. (Cheers.) Their ideas seemed to be gathered from the gossip and slander of their leader's paper. He called upon workingmen to pledge themselves to no such party, but keep themselves free from all such. (Cheers.) The question which came before them was, which of these parties they could depend on. The future was dark, but the past was clear before them. If they took the past they had every reason to believe that the present administration was favorable to them. (Enthusiastic cheering.) It had a record of five years, which remained unproved. They had been treated to a long lecture by Mr. Wilkes, but he did not think they felt much interested in the history of England one hundred years ago. They had enough to attend to at home at the present time. If the employers of this country had imitated those of the old country, there would have been a better feeling existing between them at the present time. (Cheers.) They had heard some reasonable remarks from Mr. Wilkes, and at some future time they would be pleased to consider them. He could not allow the meeting to pass by without giving some expressions to their views. He had framed a resolution which, he thought would affect the interest of the working classes. He then read the following resolution:—

"Inasmuch as this meeting views with deep interest the progress of the present election contest, and considers it to be a bounden duty devolving upon workingmen to secure the triumphant return of those candidates who meet with opposition from the *Globe*, be it resolved, that the mechanics of St. John's Ward pledge themselves to support the election of Mr. Shanly, (loud cheers), the candidate of Union and Progress, as their representative in the Dominion Parliament, and to use every effort to prevent the return of Mr. Wilkes, or any other candidate who comes out under the wing of George Brown, the universally acknowledged obstructionist, and the well known avowed enemy of the workingmen of Canada." (Cheers.) He concluded his remarks by moving the above resolution amid loud and prolonged cheering.

Mr. J. S. Williams, having been loudly called for, ascended the platform amid immense enthusiasm. He said that as he felt a great interest in the election in St. John's Ward, he had great pleasure in coming forward to second the resolution proposed. As a mechanic, he was pleased at seeing a placard on the fences announcing the meeting, and with his fellows had come there to hear what Mr. Wilkes had to say. Although that gentleman had made an elaborate speech, he had failed to touch upon the subjects in which they were at that time most interested. (Hear, hear.)

A cry of fire outside the building at this moment caused considerable commotion, and Mr. Williams had to cease speaking for a short time.

Mr. Williams having waited till order was restored, continued—Mr. Wilkes had informed them that over a century ago repressive measures were introduced against Trades Unions in England, and that they only existed for a short time, and that measures had afterwards been introduced for their protection. They thought this here in Canada, but when they endeavored to better their condition they found that their employers, under the leadership of George Brown, (groans) tried to crush them under. A certain Q. C. had been in-

structed to search up some old statutes, which they thought buried years ago. He allude to the vain endeavours made by the *Globe* to show that its proprietor had reason for arresting the printers and throwing them into jail, and the slander it had endeavored to cast on the workingmen of the city by stating that it was the intention of some of them to create a disturbance. When all was black before them, how was it that they sent down to Ottawa for a detective to arrest them as criminals. On the same night that they were arrested they found that Sir John A. Macdonald gave notice of his intention to amend the act relating to the legalization of Trades Unions. (Cheers.) Sir John A. Macdonald and his party had shown themselves to be the friends of the workingmen, and until he (J. S. Williams) had reason to think otherwise, he should always believe them to be so. He concluded his remarks by calling on the working classes generally to support those who had supported them when they required their aid. (Cheers.)

The resolution was then put and carried unanimously, amid loud and enthusiastic cheering, not a single "Grit" raising his hand in opposition to the same.

Mr. E. K. Dodds was then loudly called for, and came forward and addressed the meeting. He reviewed the political platform on which Mr. Wilkes offers himself for election, and completely exposed the fallacy of it. In a most eloquent and effective speech, he perfectly quashed all the arguments advanced by Mr. Wilkes, and at the close of his remarks the enthusiasm of the meeting was intense.

Dr. Howson then attempted to speak, but the meeting refused to hear him. After several appeals from the chairman, he was allowed to speak. He commenced to speak in abuse of Mr. Walter Shanly, but as his remarks had no reference whatever to either of the candidates for the division, the meeting would not longer listen to him.

On looking round for Mr. Wilkes, it was found that he, with three or four of the Jaffray-Adamson clique, had made themselves scarce, the atmosphere evidently having become too warm for them.

After giving three cheers for the Queen, three for Mr. Shanly, three for Sir John A. Macdonald, and three for the chairman, the meeting broke up, having proved anything but satisfactory to those who had been the instigators of the same.

A SECOND LOLA MONTEZ.

A sharp young American woman, a Mrs. Fanny Jordan, whose maiden name was Chumley, has been playing a pretty and profitable game with the King of Bavaria. His Majesty rarely appears in the capital, but leads an isolated life at his villa of Hohenschwangau, where his chief enjoyment is that of music. The lively adventuress went to that place with the sweet and pretty name, and took lodgings at the Golden Bear Hotel, determined upon the conquest of the King. Walking out with her *jeune de chambre*, when she saw royalty approaching she fell to drawing the beautiful landscape with all her might. The King, who is proud of the scenery, approached the fair artist and opened an affable conversation. Then he invited the engaging Fanny to visit his country seat; and gave her a white mare, a diamond bracelet, his portrait framed in solid gold set with emeralds, and other gifts of great value. Then he lent her money in quite large sums; and then his uncle Leopold, hearing of the matter, employed two Munich detectives to hunt up the antecedents of the enchantress. Learning his determination she fled, leaving behind her a large trunk containing 100 letters from different lovers. For the last three years the lady has been seeking, and occasionally finding, her fortune in different European capitals. Her last affair, before the Bavarian speculation, was in Berlin, where she did so bedevil an unfortunate Colonel, that he resorted to forgery to gratify her incessant demand for money, and so was ignominiously cashiered. The Bavarian detectives having found her in a retired village, allowed her to make choice between leaving the country or going to prison. So she continued her flight into Switzerland, with \$10,000 in money and valuables, the net proceeds of her Hohenschwangau speculation.

Poetry.

THE GLORY OF LABOR.

The brow of labor wears a wreath
Of honor, wrought by hands of love,
Whose flowers shall triumph over death,
And ripen grow above.
When God shall call the toiler hence,
And crown him with his recompense,
Then shall all stains of mortal sense,
All imperfections, die,
And in their place shall shine the grace
Of immortality.

When toil makes virtue's self his bride,
And walks the path where angels might
Together walk, are purified,
Without one fear of blight,
Then may the eyes of mortals see
How pure, how heaven-like, can be
Man's earthly glory, and how free
From wanton shame and sin:
Then we may learn how brightly burn
The soul's great fires within.

The lowliest creatures of his hand
May work great ends—till not in vain:
For every humble act is grand,
If free from sinful stain.
The selfish monarch on his throne,
Who calls all victories his own,
Though bought with blood, and curse, and groan,
Let no man emulate:
Virtue alone hath ever shown
Divinely pure and great.

Riches, and high degree, and power,
Stamp not the value of the man:
They may not live a short, weak hour—
They only mark the clan.
But labor, if it be the right,
Though humble, in his equal sight
Is great as though it owned the night
Of crowns and wealth combined.
Its works, if pure, shall stand, endure,
Long as the immortal mind.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XI.

Richard Arbyght might be seen wending his way home one night, with a more sprightly and elastic step than usual. It was the evening of the same day that Relvason had so signally failed in frightening the men out of their liberty of thought and action. We feel sure that the satisfactory termination of the morning's episode had something to do in putting Arbyght in a happier mood than that in which he was wont to appear. He was less meditative and more conscious of what was going on, and who were on the streets, than on former occasions when he plodded along, petrified in his own thoughts. As he walked along there suddenly arose within him a strange and unaccountable feeling. His soul was filled—possessed—by the conviction that in alarming proximity to him there stood, or floated, the essence of a being not in the flesh. He neither heard nor saw anything phenomenal. From head to foot he felt filled with a subtle fluid that caused his hair to stand on end, and his body to lose its solidity—its very substance. His physical senses left him, and in a hollow voice where nothing material seemed to exist, he floated in a sort of mild unconsciousness. How long he remained in this state he knew not, but when the Presence had left him, and his bodily senses had returned, he discovered he was fully a mile out of his road. He immediately retraced his steps, but had not proceeded more than a block when he noticed a young girl, with clasped hands, looking earnestly, longingly, towards heaven. He continued to approach, wondering much, when he noticed a woman move up like a cat on a bird, and enter into conversation with the girl. His mind was now thoroughly aroused. A moment afterwards he passed, stopped, stepped into the shade of a large tree, overheard the conversation, and when they moved away he followed them, feeling convinced there was some guiding thought in the strange, waking dream that led him hither. He followed about fifteen minutes, resolving in his mind how he would proceed, but was unable to come to any conclusion. Looking across the street he saw a police-officer. He passed over and accosted him. The officer was a small, lithe little fellow, rather oldish, with the most terrible eye Richard ever saw.

Richard was often told that his look was intense, and that his eye was fiery and penetrating, but here he found a man before whose glance he not only quailed but trembled; he was glared at by eyes that resembled white hot diamonds. After hearing Arbyght's story, Sergeant Soolfire crossed the street rapidly, told Richard to follow up the parties—the sergeant drove down a side street and disappeared, leaving Richard not only puzzled but maddened at his incomprehensible conduct. In a few minutes the Sergeant appeared coming up the street from the opposite direction.

"You are right my boy," he said, as soon as he met Arbyght.
"You know her then?" queried the other.
"Well," replied the Sergeant, apostrophizing the monosyllabic answer with a peculiar motion of the head.

What subsequently followed has already been described. The house to which Grace was conveyed was the happy home of Sergeant

Soolfire; the room into which she was carried, though small, was cosy and comfortable; there was a warm cheerful carpet on the floor, the walls—which were neatly papered—were hung with chromes, family pictures in oil and India ink: a few walnut cane-seated chairs, a carpet, lounge and small antique centre table completed the furniture. There was also a grate, in which glowed a very companionable looking fire; before the grate there was a soft rug on which a large gray cat lay dozing and blinking. Grace was tenderly placed on the lounge, and Mrs. Soolfire, who comprehended the situation, set to work to restore her to consciousness; but her restoratives and salts were not needed, as Grace just then slowly opened her eyes, slowly raised herself on her elbow, then sat up and looked around the room with a puzzled stare which was succeeded for one awful minute by a look so terribly frightened and inexpressibly beseeching that Mrs. Soolfire was moved to tears.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," said the kind-hearted woman. "You are among friends; let me take your hat and shawl; you must make yourself at home, my dear, we'll all be kind and good to you, so cheer up, won't you now?" and the woman took her gently by the hand.

Grace felt soothed and calmed by the sweet kind tones of the woman, but more especially by her tears, and then her own tears began to flow, and she sobbed as if her little heart would break.

Goldsmith truthfully said that "premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow." This fact was well known to the woman, though perhaps not in this rich classical dress, but known to her heart nevertheless. She let Grace weep herself calm.

"Where am I?" she asked, half sobbingly, half timidly.
"You are in the hands of one that will be a good kind friend to you. My husband is Sergeant Soolfire, he and this young man rescued you from a bad woman, a naughty woman. It was very lucky, my dear, but it is all over now, and you must not again think of it."
"She can thank Mr. Arbyght here," said the Sergeant, speaking for the first time. She raised her tear-dimmed eyes and gave Richard a look that repaid him a hundred fold. Her heart and soul went out in that look. When the soul speaks through its windows, and speaks genuinely, it speaks far more expressively than words—the language of the soul is marred, blurred, deteriorated, crippled, by being dressed in the cold, barren clumsy garb of vocables.

"Oh, it was of no consequence—that is to me. I feel amply repaid. It is ever a source of pleasure to me to be of service to others."
Richard spoke rather confused and incoherently; he was nervous and extremely agitated when he entered the room, but when the lovely girl turned her sad sweet face upon him he was considerably moved, and left the house shortly afterwards. Mrs. Soolfire was so genial and warm-hearted that Grace was soon at her ease, and after a slight refreshment she suffered herself to be put to bed like a child. Mrs. Soolfire fixed the clothes around her so motherly, and kissed her so tenderly that the poor girl burst into tears again, and kissed the woman in return fondly and passionately.

"You are so kind and good—"
"There, there, go to sleep now dear."
"And I never knew what it was to have a mother," broke out Grace in little hysterical sobs.

"My poor child don't think of it now, trust in God and all will be well." The woman kissed her again and left her. Gentle sleep soon came and stole from her, for the present, all trace of trouble and sorrow.

On his way home, Richard soliloquized: "I saw that face somewhere, and that voice, how it vibrated and thrilled through every fibre of my body. Strange! Stranger still that I should lapse into such a dreamy reverie, and go so far out of my way, just for all the world as if that girl's guardian angel had forcibly carried me thither to save her. What a strange sensation came over me in that carriage. As soon as her head rested on my shoulder a mysterious feeling came over me, a feeling so indescribable that it alarmed me. I am positive I saw that face; but where? I'm blest if I don't think that I am going crazy. Pahaw! Its all imagination, I never saw that face or heard that voice. Let me see! Yes I did see that face."

Reaching home put an end to Richard's musings. That night he found it almost impossible to capture the drowsy god. Turn which way he would the sweet sad face of the girl he rescued rose before him; she entered his mind, despotically drove every other thought out, and reigned there alone in autocratic glory. Sleep came at last, but it did not dethrone the autocrat that reigned in the sleeper's mind.

While Richard slept he had the following dream (if it can be called such): He thought his father entered the room, came to his bedside, regarded him sadly, yet sternly, and in a voice that sounded immeasurably far off said, "My son, where is your sister?" Richard tried to speak, but could not. The Shade then pointed its right hand upward. Following the direction of the hand, Richard saw in the air a row of transparent letters. He could see through the letters, yet they were plainly visible, and represented this sentence: "Be to her a true brother, a father, a mother." Richard remembered at once that these were the last words of his dying mother; his heart

smote him and he was about to cry out in agony, when the door opened and his mother came in softly. His father's stern look became tender immediately, the terrible letters disappeared, and the father vanished. His mother came towards him with the same old loving smile she ever had for her darling boy. Again he essayed to speak, but again he found it impossible. His mother touched him on the arm, and bade him arise and follow her, which he did. She led him through several streets, and finally paused before a small house, towards which she earnestly pointed. Richard looked towards the house, recognized it, and in astonishment looked at his mother, or where she seemed to be, but nothing but the blue vault of heaven met his gaze. Filled with amazement he awoke. It was broad daylight.

CHAPTER XII.

"You are late this morning, Mr. Arbyght?" said Madam Yudall (the landlady), with interrogative emphasis, the moment Richard appeared in the dining-room or refectory.

"I am late this morning, madam," he answered, parodying the expression, "and I fear I owe you an apology, not only for having abused your patience, but for having trespassed upon your time."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Arbyght, not at all; pray don't mention it," and Mrs. Yudall looked impatiently at the little bronzed clock, which just then gave a little click, drew back its minute hand one space with a little jerk, gave a slight whirring aspirated warning, as if clearing its brazen throat, and then began singing the hour in a clear, sharp, silvery voice. Mrs. Yudall sang a pantomime accompaniment to each note by a barely perceptible inclination of the head.

"Nine," she mechanically said in an audible whisper, as the insentient monitor ceased its time-measuring chime.

"Nine?" why so it is," he said in answer to his own question, as he gazed in amazement at the dial of the clock. Then turning to Mrs. Yudall, he said, self-accusingly and argumentatively:

"You must accept my apology and regrets, madam, for the delay and vexation that this untoward event has most undoubtedly occasioned you."

"Have you been ill, Mr. Arbyght?" was the only response.

Richard felt that although the words in themselves implied a simple question, he was expected to give some account of himself. The tone in which the sentence was enunciated, the look that accompanied it, the shape of the mouth, the poise of the head, the whole being was inquisitorial; but he, not deeming it wise or prudent to make a confidant of his rube-faced, obese landlady, purposely lapsed into one of his usual impenetrable reveries, and though corporally present, his mind appeared to wander off through the open window, and lose itself in the dark grayish, formless, cumulative masses of smoke and vapor, that were continually rising from the city, kissing the tall spires and dissolving in regions of echoless space.

In fencing with a woman with a lingual rapier, man has ever been worsted and driven from the arena in disgrace. Richard did not prove an exception. His adversary, by a few vigorous, well-directed thrusts, broke down his guard of abstraction, and penetrated the armor of his obtuseness.

"You retired early last night?"

"To my room, but not to rest," he answered.

"You are beginning to read and write more than ordinary mortals?" The tone was growing more and more inquisitorial.

"Reading is with me, I fear, a passion; writing a duty. I love the first, am wedded to it, the latter is the result of the union."

"Anything very particular just now?" The inquisitorial tone had reached culmination. Richard felt he was in for it, and was about to explain, when the door bell rang rapidly, sharply. The fencers started, dropped their weapons and stared at each other. Clang-cling, cling, went the bell.

"Good gracious, it must be a madman," said Mrs. Yudall, in a tremor of alarm. "Do see who it is, Mr. Arbyght," she beseechingly resumed.

Richard found at the door Sergeant Soolfire, who said he had called to inform him that Miss Grace had expressed a desire to have him call upon her at his earliest convenience.

"Then it is my convenience now," said Richard, gallantly, and a few minutes afterwards he was on his way to the cottage, leaving Mrs. Yudall more mystified and perplexed than ever.

Grace received him kindly, and said she wished to thank him more specifically for the deep and lasting obligation under which he had placed her by his manly, disinterested conduct on the previous evening, "for I was an entire stranger to you," she said naively but innocently, "and for that reason the act was the more magnanimous and meritorious."

"If the act made you my debtor," he answered, "you are now the creditor, for your kind appreciation has more than trebly repaid me. It is true you were a stranger, but to the claims of innocence and virtue I trust I will never be a stranger. It is the duty of man to protect the defenceless. I feel I have but performed that duty, and you will place me under many obligations to you by never mentioning the affair again."

"Do you think it would be fair to make me your debtor, and then deprive me of the pleasure of paying me? Are you sure you are not

just a little arbitrary in thus sacrificing justice on the altar of generosity?"

Richard was slightly puzzled by this pointed question, but recovering himself quickly, he replied:

"I think that man would be wanting in delicacy of feeling, and even honor, who would aid or assist an unprotected woman in any manner, for the purpose of exacting her appreciation, or leaving upon her mind the impression that he had a claim upon her gratitude."

"You are very kind and good, and so honorable—pardon the flattery—that I have no hesitancy in giving you my confidence. I have already informed these noble-hearted generous people how I—I—hor voice became plaintive; then quivered and broke."

"You task your memory unnecessarily. Let the day just past be blotted from the record of your life, and all that transpired during its fleeting moments be buried in the oblivion of death. I do not wish your confidence, or want you to repeat a single word, or recall a single event that has pain for an inseparable companion," interrupted Richard, as soothingly and reassuringly as his rough, uncultivated nature would warrant.

"I will never forge yesterday," she resumed in a painfully sad voice. Then raising her eyes she half glanced at her companion, dropped them again, and continued in a sweeter and more thankful tone, but very slowly, "I don't want to forget it."

"There are events in all our lives, not in themselves bad or tending to compromise us in the least, but which nevertheless it would be better to have erased from the journal of the brain. Do you really not think so, Miss —?"

"Soolfire," she instantly said, noticing his hesitancy and divining its cause.

"Soolfire?" repeated Richard, with a surprised look and doubtful, inquiring voice.

"Yes; to day I am Grace Soolfire. Yesterday I was Grace Relvason."

"Relvason! you astonish me," said Richard, in amazement.

"You have heard the name before? I believe you are employed by Mr. Relvason?"

"I am, but I am perplexed to account for your knowledge of the fact."

"It is quite easily accounted for. Mr. Relvason returned home one evening in a very perturbed state of mind. He refused supper, declined to speak, and made us all uncomfortable by his agitated, mysterious manner. Next day we learned that a man named Arbyght, with whom Mr. Relvason said he had a warm discussion, was the cause of the trouble."

"I am very sorry to have been the involuntary cause of so much uneasiness, but I hope I am forgiven by at least one member of the family?"

"I am not certain of that," she answered. "I can speak for none but myself, and I am not a member of the family. I was always so considered, but yesterday I discovered that I had no claims upon them, whatever, not even to their name. Hence I am here, preferring to earn my livelihood to living in idleness and eating the bread of others. I have discarded their name and taken that of my benefactors, until such time as God in his justice and mercy restores me my own." And again her voice became plaintive and her eyes seemed to dissolve, but it was only for a moment. "I have lived here but five years. My childhood's days, at least all I can recollect of them, were spent in Cleveland, Ohio. As far back as my memory extends, I can see a dark, stern woman, though kind at times, whom I was taught to call and regard my aunt. About five years ago she died, and her brother, Mr. Relvason, who, by the terms of her will was made executor of the estate, came to Cleveland, and after the details of the will had been carried out, as he said—I never saw it or heard it read—he brought me with him to Chicago and introduced to the friends of the family, as his niece, and such I supposed myself to be until his daughter, in a fit of jealous spleen, informed me that I was not a member of the family, and produced a letter written by my supposed aunt, by which it appears I am the child of some poor mechanic, of whose name they have robbed me, and who perhaps has long since been dead. I know nothing of my—my—mother." Her voice broke down completely, her eyes became suffused with tears, her lips quivered, but no sound escaped them. Her heart was too full for utterance.

Mrs. Soolfire came in just then, and Richard thought very opportunely, as she relieved him of a task he felt unable to perform. He left soon afterwards, promising, however, to call again on the following day.

On his way home the idea that he had, at some remote period, seen the face he had just left, began again to haunt his brain; but when or where he taxed his memory in vain to determine. The outlines of the face and the cadences of the voice seemed to wake or rouse in his mind slumbering impressions, but like the ghosts of Ossian they were too faint and undefined, and too far in the dim distance, to be formed into anything tangible and real. Memory is the great storehouse of the mind, wherein are heaped in wondrous confusion the ideas and impressions of all our years. Upon these ideas gathered, and impressions made in youth, are piled those of later times; hence the first impressions we receive are more obscure or further from sight than those of yesterday or to-day. But very often the accidental recalling of one idea or the bringing out of one impression, leads to another, and that to still another, as in a chain, link by link, until the end is reached.

"I found this upon the floor of your room," said the house-maid to Richard, immediately after his arrival home, handing him at the same time a curiously wrought, antique-looking solid gold locket.

"It is mine," he said. "I was examining it some days ago, and forgot to lock it up," which neglect he proceeded at once to rectify, but before putting it away he quite naturally opened it, when, as if by magic, the act uprooted a deep-buried idea or impression in memory's great storehouse. Beyond that idea lay a chain of thought which he industriously followed to the end. He then replaced the locket, took a sheet of paper and hastily penned a letter which he proceeded to mail at once, saying to himself as he left the house:

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Chests Examined.

The armed archers, who formed the private guard of the king, sent away the Jew porters according to the commands of Diego Lopez, after they had, under the directions of the treasurer, transported the long, broad, heavy coffers, furnished with locks, hooks, and padlocks, into the armoury. This immense hall, the windows of which opened towards the courtyard of the Alcazar, contained a rich collection of armour and weapons of every description; targets, lances, yatagans, Toledo blades, pikes, battle-axes, javelins, Genoese bows, scymitars, standards and helmets, with curious crests, and shields bearing ambitious devices, a number of which dated from the earliest period of the Gothic monarchy. At the bottom were raised five pedestals, surmounted by five suits of armour, lance in hand, or rather in the gauntlet. They produced a singular effect, appearing at first sight like five knights quite ready to enter the lists. They were arranged according to size, for the first seemed the armour of a dwarf, or infant, and the last appeared suitable only to a tall, robust warrior. They were the coats of mail worn by Don Pedro successively from his infancy. The small one, gilt all over, and damasked with armorial bearings, had been given to him by his father as a plaything in reward for his prowess in the art of fencing, he having one day touched his brother, Don Enrique, with the foil three times in succession. The three middle ones were simple and plain; the largest, the gift of Mohamed, King of Granada, was of extreme magnificence, the buckler sparkled with diamonds, and the hilt of the sword shone with rubies.

When the mace bowmen had retired, Samuel examined all the corners of the hall with the most scrupulous attention, and after being assured that he was alone, he unfastened the hooks, and padlocks that fastened the chests, and gently raised the lids to see if his accomplices, notwithstanding the holes artfully arranged in the carved ornaments at the corners, had not been struck with asphyxia. "Faith, it was about time to open the cage, for I was nearly suffocated," said Burdett, putting his head out of his chest, every one imitating his example, and raising the lid with his hand, so as to be able to breathe a little.

During this time, Samuel, with neck stretched out, and ear on the alert, kept watch close to the door. He soon perceived Don Pedro coming from one of the extremities of the gallery, accompanied by Aix and Rachel. At the sight of his daughter the old man uttered a cry of joy, and advanced some steps towards her; but recollecting what Esau had said, that he must demand his daughter at the hands of Don Pedro, and seeing it confirmed by meeting her in the place, he suppressed the burst of parental love that swelled his bosom, and returning to the hall, proceeded to close the chests. It was full time he did so; for he had hardly secured the last lock, when the king appeared at the entrance of the hall.

Don Pedro cast a rapid glance around him, and seeing only the treasurer sitting in front of his chests, he stopped undecided on the threshold, for the absence of his foster-brothers seemed inexplicable to him; but after a moment's hesitation, prompted by his adventurous disposition, he advanced resolutely into the hall.

Ben Levi would then have approached his daughter, but stopped on a gesture from the king.

"Samuel," said the latter, gravely, "thanks for your haste in bringing me the impost I have levied on the Jewry." The treasurer humbly bowed. "Thanks, above all," continued Don Pedro, with the same sang froid, "for having sent me your daughter as a hostage for your brethren."

Samuel looked at the king stupefied, not knowing whether he might believe his own ears.

"What may these chests contain?" asked the king, with a smiling air.

Rachel and Aix approached Samuel at the same time. The old Jew began to tremble.

"He knows all!" whispered Rachel. The treasurer turned pale.

"He knows nothing," said the Morisca, in her turn. "To work, then, Samuel."

The treasurer regarded the haughty favourite and his daughter alternately, trying to read in their countenances which assertion he ought to credit.

The Morisca was victorious; Samuel, overcome by her fascinating influence, felt all his energy arise.

A dark cloud passed over his brow, and he thus answered the question the king had put to him.

"What are you about, Master Samuel?" demanded Don Pedro, quickly, surprised at the audacity of his treasurer.

"Nothing is more disagreeable than to be interrupted when regulating accounts," answered Ben Levi, with an affected air of good-nature.

"And you prudently wish to put yourself on your guard against unwelcome intruders," said the king, thinking his foster-brothers could not now long delay.

"You have guessed right, sire." "But I have not the same feelings of mistrust as you, master Samuel," said Don Pedro.

The treasurer precipitately took refuge behind his chests, which he quietly unhooked.

"I command you to deliver up that key," exclaimed Don Pedro, springing towards the rebellious old man.

"And I, a Jew, forbid you," replied a hollow voice, that seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth.

Rachel affrighted throw herself before the king. Aixa, her eyes flashing with ferocious joy, bounded like a panther to the side of Samuel.

"Well managed," cried Tom Burdett, with a triumphant air.

Don Pedro, betrayed by the Jews, abandoned by his foster-brothers, on whose fidelity he had so firmly depended, having in that critical moment only Rachel by his side, resolved at least to defend himself to the last.

"To business," exclaimed Esau and Zedekiah. The former turned his eyes affectionately towards the daughter of Samuel, but every time he chanced to encounter the sorrowful glance of the poor child, his bronzed cheeks became purple.

"One instant," said Tom Burdett, pushing aside his companions, and advancing towards the king.

"Zounds!" cried Burdett, "however, little Don Enrique has proved himself a good brother, yet I can see that generosity is a family virtue."

"But you have not got me yet; Captain Pillager," said the undaunted king.

"Patience, honoured sir," replied Burdett, "you will lose nothing by waiting."

Don Pedro saw these preparations without exhibiting the least emotion, but Rachel more and more terrified at this frightful scene, threw herself at the feet of the adventurer, saying to him, "Sir Knight, the king is your prisoner."

And, as Burdett turned towards his companions, she continued; "Oh, do not consult them! they are traitors, they hate Don Pedro, but, if you consent, they will not dare

oppose you, they will obey; besides, you, the captain of an English company, are you afraid of four Sevillian Jews?"

"No pity for him," repeated Zedekiah and the other Jews.

"Not so much noise, my lambs," said Tom Burdett, roughly.

"You hear him," said Esau, "he braves us; and we lose or time in hesitating."

Rachel darted towards Ben Levi, and stretching out her arms, "My father, save your king," she said to him.

The poor child then, with a desperate effort, turned to Esau Manasses.

Esau leant towards Rachel, and violently seizing her arm, said to her, in a low, hoarse tone.

"Yes, I remember Rachel whom you invoke—poor, imprudent creature—but I have come here, it is to avenge that dear and saintly image, stricken, polluted by that man, for whom you vainly intercede."

Yes; your voice yet softens my heart, but that tenderness is changed into rage and hatred when I see the man who has stolen your love, which I regarded as my treasure—that man who enjoys my tortures.

"Do you forget your oath," asked Rachel. Manasses was about to answer, when Don Pedro exclaimed.

"Yes, I am a renegade," replied Esau. "Why may not a Jew become a Christian? The Christian king has become a Jew, in loving a daughter of my race."

"Let that blasphemy fall again on you, accursed Jews, who are gorged with the wealth of the people, and who, coward-like, betray your master, after having drawn on his head the maledictions of his people."

"But you, what have you done with our brethren?" cried the fanatic Zedekiah, approaching him, his features distorted with rage.

"To disembarass yourself of the chaste and pious Queen, Blanche of Bourbon, whose virtue your suspicion and accusations attacked in vain, you loaded Daniel and Turquand, the dealers in perfumes, with wealth and honours—two of our people, tempter! Before the crime, you called them your good, your faithful Jews; but your purposes accomplished, what did you do to our brethren? Daniel and Turquand were hung by your orders."

"As you deserve to be yourself, infamous columniator!" indignantly exclaimed Don Pedro, who dagger in hand, bursting with rage, while the pupils of his eyes, horribly dilating, seemed to flash lightning.

Samel Ben Levi, encouraged by the example of the rest, and seeing that the king was lost, for five swords were raised against him, and his cry of appeal had not been answered, came forward also to insult his deserted master.

"While you sent mourning into the bosom of the noblest families of your kingdom," said he "braving the imprecations of all your subjects, I fell like a vulture on the spoils of the proscribed and dead, and filled your coffers. How have you recompensed my devotedness? I had but one child, whom I loved more than life, and you have tarnished her name with your love. May the maledictions of Heaven fall on your head!"

Don Pedro, in the midst of this dlouge of cruel reproaches and cowardly menaces, preserved his presence of mind admirably.

In the meanwhile the Morisca wished also to gratify her hatred, and give vent to her revengeful feelings, before the conspirators struck their victim the last blow.

"Since it is a question of that girl," said she to him, pointing her finger at the young Jewess, "before these men convey you hence, or kill you, for I know not which they mean to do, I must divulge to you the secrets of a heart which you have never known how to read."

Don Pedro received this last insult with a disdainful smile, for his eyes encountered those of Rachel, which plainly said, I at least love you only for yourself.

By the unshorn beard of my friend, Calverley!" exclaimed Tom Burdett, with a gesture of contempt; "how much longer will you bait this brave lord like enraged mastiffs? You growl and show your teeth, but you do not bite."

In fact, the Jews, who had successively insulted the king, faced him without daring to approach nearer.

"I verily believe, captain, that all these men are sorely afraid," said Aixa, with a contemptuous laugh.

These words produced a magical effect on the Jews. They brandished the swords and poignards they carried secreted under their robes, and narrowed the semicircle they had formed round the king.

"He is no longer cur king," resumed Zedekiah, who wished to see his party gain all the honour of the conspiracy.

"Not always," said a voice, at the sound of which the king started, while four swords glittered around him.

It was the voice of Ruy, the mower. The conspirators turned their heads with fright, at the same time the five royal coats of mail before-mentioned, noisily moved and bounded from the top of the pedestals on to their marble pavement, and rushed among the king's assailants as if they had been endowed with life by a magic power.

There was a moment of disorder and frightful consternation. "Treason! treason!" cried the conspirators, all at once, running round the immense hall in the hope of finding an outlet, forgetting that the only door by which they could escape had been locked by Samuel himself.

Burdett, recovering the first from the surprise, endeavoured to struggle against the three foster-brothers of the king, Ruy, Perez, and Blas, whose steel armour gave them an extraordinary advantage over the English adventurer, habited in a simple coat of mail.

Esau, the renegade, was the only one who sustained the combat, and he walked round and round Don Pedro, like a wild beast.

Every time he attempted to spring on his prey, he felt the point of the dagger strike him in the breast, and force him to retreat; passion made his hand tremble, and his sight dim.

Don Pedro, expert in the management of arms, resolved to finish with an enemy he regarded as unworthy of him; advancing towards Esau, he compelled him to retreat step by step. It was thus he reached the

place where the chests stood, among which Zedekiah was struggling with Diego Lopez, who pressed him under his steel knee-piece. All at once the archer uttered a loud cry. The Jew had treacherously run his poignard into the throat of Diego, who was about rolling in his turn under Zedekiah, when the king, forgetting his own danger, ran to his assistance.

The sword of Esau pierced the shoulder of the young girl, the blood flowed, Rachel closed her eyes, and sinking on her knees, fell, without uttering a cry, at the feet of the king.

Don Pedro, turning round at the instant, thought her dead; then losing his sang froid, and impelled by his despair, his eyes flashing with madness, he rushed at Esau.

The renegade, alarmed at the involuntary murder he had committed, and seeing that adorable creature, for whom he would have given ten times his life, stretched on the floor, no longer offered more than a mechanical resistance.

"Rachel killed by me!" said he with the fixed look of a madman. "Rachel, accuse me not, you will be avenged. I am about to die—forgive me?"

Pierce Negie, who was still tormenting, with unmerciful malice, the two Jews he had under his hand, saw Esau, close pressed by Don Pedro, coming towards him.

Pierce Negie quickly picked up the cords that Tom Burdett, had thrown on the ground and with the assistance of the king, he bound Esau Manasses with them.

"Here, Gil," then cried Diego Lopez, in a faint voice. Yet, notwithstanding his wound, the brave archer had never quitted his hold on Zedekiah, but kept him close pressed under his knee, the Jew being almost blinded by the blood which flowed from Diego's wound, drop by drop on his face.

Pierce Negie ran to the succor of his brother, who was almost exhausted from loss of blood, and quickly bound the fanatical Jew, who immediately commenced chanting a psalm to the Most High.

Of all the conspirators, Tom Burdett alone was yet contending; in vain the agile Blas had tried to surprise him from behind, by jumping on his shoulders, while Perez, creeping on the ground, attempted to lift him in the air, and make him loose his footing, and Ruy, with a poignard having a blade with jagged teeth, encircled him in his bony arms, and hugged him body to body.

The danger appeared to have tripled the strength of the bold freebooter. He had, by a violent effort, shaken off the centaur, Blas, like a troublesome fly; by a blow from his iron heel, he had thrown Perez, bruised all over, ten paces from him; as to Ruy, the mower, he had nearly pressed his breath out of his body, and when he released him, throwing him on the floor whence his body heavily rebounded, Ruy was nearly suffocated, with his eyes almost starting from their sockets.

But the brave freebooter, whose Samson-like strength had protected him against the three brothers, was to be vanquished by a child. At the moment the king summoned Burdett to surrender, and while the latter yet hoped to conquer, crossing swords with Don Pedro, Gil made sundry turns of his new kind of sling, so as to increase its force; taking the robust Englishman in flank, he aimed at him so terrible a blow, that after breaking his sword in two, the iron ball struck him on his broad chest.

The giant stumbled, stunned by the violence of the shock. This was the signal for his defeat; the three foster-brothers clung to him like an incubus of which he could not now disembarass himself.

RESIST THE BEGINNING.

The Arabs have a fable of a miller who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping.

Said the camel: "It is very cold outside, I want to get my nose in." The nose let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced by the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not long enough for both.

"If you are inconvenienced, you may leave; as for myself, I shall stay where I am," said the camel to the miller.

The moral of this fable concerns all. When temptation occurs, we must never yield to it. We must not let even its nose in. Everything like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields even in the slightest degree will soon be entirely overcome; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest mood; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

FABLES OF ZAMBRI, THE PARSEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN BY DOD GRILE.

(From the London Journal.)

A caterpillar had crawled painfully to the top of a hop-pole, and not finding anything there to interest him, began to think of descending. "Now," soliloquised he, "if I only had a hair of wings I should be able to manage it very nicely."

It is related of a certain Tartar priest that being about to sacrifice a pig he observed tears in the victim's eyes. "Now I'd like to know what is the matter with you?" he asked. "Sir," replied the pig, "if your penetration were equal to that of the knife you hold, you would know without inquiring; but I don't mind telling you. I weep because I know I shall be badly roasted."

A fox and a duck having quarrelled about the ownership of a frog, agreed to refer the dispute to a lion. After hearing a great deal of argument, the lion opened his mouth to speak.

"I am very well aware," interrupted the duck, "what your decision is. It is that by our own showing the frog belongs to neither of us, and you will eat him yourself. But please remember that lions do not like frogs."

clear that you will give the frog to the duck, the duck to me, and take me yourself. Allow me to state certain objections to— "I was about to remark," said the lion, "that while you were disputing, the cause of contention had hopped away. Perhaps you can procure another frog."

An ass meeting a pair of horses, late one evening, said to them:—"It is time, all honest horses were in bed. Why are you driving out this time of day?"

"Ah!" returned they, "if it is so very late, why are you out riding?" "I never in my life," retorted the ass, angrily, "knew a horse to return a direct answer to a civil question."

A stone being cast by the plough against a lump of earth, hastened to open the conversation as follows:—"Virtue, which is the opposite of vice, is best fostered by the absence of temptation!"

A little girl in Lyons, N. Y., was choked to death by a bean in her throat, last week. Nine hundred children have perished of cholera infantum in New York within a month.

Horace Greeley has been done in sugar by a Kansas confectioner. He looks sweetly pretty, of course.

It is said that Brick Pomeroy lost \$300,000 in his attempt to run "red-hot" journalism in New York.

A New York "doctor" has been applying oil of vitriol as a lotion for a child's mouth. He is in seclusion for the present. The child died.

The Boston Globe says that Stanley, the Herald correspondent, was "a consummate fabricator of sensation" in Omaha five years ago.

One young lady at Saratoga has four new dresses sent to her every week from town. She considers herself economical compared to some girls.

An Ohio journalist has written the heading, "Another Lie Nailed" 37,000 times during his long career. His busiest moments have been spent in the present exciting campaign.

A Missouri legislator clinched an argument against dogs the other day, by swearing that the money expended in supporting 21,000,000 dogs in the United States would buy 1,344,000,000 whisky cocktails every year.

A large diamond of the first water is reported to have been found in a Georgia gold mine. Quartz crystals, we believe, are not uncommon there, but we fear the "first water," worth \$60,000, "won't wash."

In trembling accents a young lover of Mobile, Ala., put to his sweetheart the important question of his life, and she replied with the utmost calmness and a sweet sigh of resignation, "Anything to beat Grant, dear."

As Rev. P. W. Hobbs, of Nookanoot, Tex., was coming from Seguin to that place, he was shot at five times and killed. The bullets were turned out in mass and fringed the party up, and have arrested our young man's suspicion.

NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to receive items of interest pertaining to Trade Societies from all parts of the Dominion for publication. Officers of Trades Unions, Secretaries of Leagues, etc., are invited to send us news relating to their organizations, condition of trade, etc.

Our columns are open for the discussion of all questions affecting the working-classes. All communications must be accompanied by the names of the writers, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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 J. S. WILLIAMS,
 SUPERINTENDENT.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

Eastern Division of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have the honour to announce that I intend to be a Candidate for the House of Commons, in the above Division, at the coming General Election for the Dominion Parliament.

I am, Gentlemen,
 Your obedient servant,

JAMES BEATY.

Toronto, 24th June, 1872.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

CENTRAL DIVISION

OF THE

CITY OF TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—

A large and influential deputation of citizens having informed me of my nomination as a candidate to represent you in the House of Commons, I have the honor to accept that nomination, and therefore ask for your support, having confidence that the electors of Centre Toronto will endorse the request of the deputation by placing me at the head of the poll.

I have the honor to be,
 Gentlemen,
 Your obedient servant,

F. SHANLY.

Toronto, July 22, 1872.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF

WEST TORONTO.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

JOHN CRAWFORD

AS

Representative of the Division

IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Say less than you think, rather than think one half what you say.

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 Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.
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 Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
 Varnishers and Polishers, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
 Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
 Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
 Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
 Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
 Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
 Printers, 1st Saturday.
 Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

Application for renting the halls for special meetings and other purposes to be made to Mr. Andrew Scott, 211 King Street East.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1872

BROWN AND THE PAINT POTS.

"When they have need for them Sir John and his party will flatter what are called the workingmen, to the very top of their hearts, and protest they have all the virtues of angels and saints. In ordinary cases, however, it is far different. And even when they wish to cultivate them, a momentary forgetfulness will now and then betray the real feeling, and show that the good old aristocratic Tory has an instinctive horror at the hard handed sons of labor, and recoils at the idea of them coming between the wind and his nobility."

The above extract we clip from an article published in the *Globe* of a recent date, in which the editor attempts to play the role of a champion of the workingmen, and lashed himself into a state of righteous indignation at certain words used by Sir John A. Macdonald, which have called forth the article in question. And what were the circumstances that have occasioned this outburst of indignation? It appears that at the Kingston nomination a Mr. Robinson, member of the Local House for that city, delivered himself of a scurrilous speech, to which Sir John subsequently alluded, and after giving the character of Mr. Robinson, told the electors that they "would soon be sick of him, and send him back to his original business at the paint pots." The *Globe* hereupon makes a great ado, and wishes to prove from those words that Sir John's true feeling in regard to workingmen are but those of contempt, and seeks out of the occasion to make capital, by endeavoring to create division in their ranks. It is but natural to expect that, considering the merited chastisement which has already been inflicted upon Brown and his followers, by the operative classes for the undeserved abuse that has been heaped upon them by the *Globe*, that he should take advantage of anything which might, in his opinion, tend to lower the reputation of Sir John in the eyes of that class who now regard him with favor. Nothing would gratify his selfish appetite more than to see Sir John reduced to the same level with himself in the estimation of the working community. It will, however, test his ingenuity beyond its possible limits to accomplish such an object. It is more than what can fairly be expected from humanity that the men who, as a class, have been subjected to such unscrupulous treatment at Brown's hands, could so soon forgive and kiss the rod that smites them.

It does not follow that although an individual, who may be placed in the category of those who are sneeringly designated by the Grit organ "ambitious workingmen," should depart from the ordinary rules of decency by assailing in the most unbecoming and insulting language a gentleman whose dignity could not allow him to do otherwise than repudiate such unwarrantable attacks by calmly cautioning the presumptive Robinson, lest his conduct should sicken the hearts of his supporters, and force them to send him back to his original occupation, that the class from which he emanated, should be made the object of ridicule, as if it were responsible for the conduct not only of each individual member, but also for those who now consider themselves in some respects as occupying a higher sphere.

It must be apparent to the mind of every unprejudiced person, that when Sir John gave such an injunction, he did not do so as to a representative of the working classes, but rather to an individual standing upon his own merits. This fact is sufficiently borne out by the manifest desire of Sir John to secure the return of a workingman—from the paint shop, too—to sit at his side within the walls of the House of Parliament at Ottawa, as representative of the "Ambitious City."

A glance at the past will conclusively show at whose hands workingmen, as a class, may expect to receive their rights. It certainly comes with bad grace from Mr. Brown to attempt a vindication of the cause of workingmen—when his efforts to crush their aspirations, and trample upon their rights and liberties, are so fresh in the recollection of all; nor can it be forgotten that when the hand of George Brown—the so-called Reformer—was raised to pluck the last hope from the workingman, then Sir John A. Macdonald—the true statesman—gave evidence of his statesmanship by immediately taking measures looking toward the repeal of those obnoxious laws which were being put in force with so much harshness, nominally against a class of intelligent artisans, but which, in reality, were intended to strike a death-blow at the principles which are dear to the heart of every Union man.

WHOSE MEETING WAS IT?

On Thursday evening last one of the largest meetings of workingmen that has taken place in St. John's Ward for many years past, was held in the Mission School-house, Elizabeth street, the building being crowded to its utmost limits, and large numbers who were unable to gain admittance were gathered around the doors and windows. The meeting was emphatically one of workingmen, called together by Mr. Wilkes who was advertised to address the mechanics of the division on the subject of Trades' Unions and the relation of capital and labor. We publish elsewhere a full account of the meeting, so it will not be necessary to refer at length to the speeches delivered. For fully three-quarters of an hour Mr. Wilkes delivered uninterruptedly a carefully prepared and elaborate dissertation upon the rise and progress of Trades' Unions, but as his lecture treated principally upon the occurrences of a century ago, the dry figures failed longer to hold the attention of his hearers, who were desirous of having his remarks brought to a period in which they, as a class, were more deeply interested—the present; and, therefore, the conclusion of Mr. Wilkes' speech was made under circumstances—to the speaker—rendered unpleasant by the exhausted patience of a large gathering.

The sum and substance of Mr. Wilkes' speech, however, was to prove the beneficial effect of Trades' Unions—a sentiment to which almost every workingman will heartily subscribe; but while Mr. Wilkes admitted the benefits of Trades' Union, it could not be forgotten by those present, that Mr. Brown—under whose wing Mr. Wilkes is sheltered—has ever done his "level best" to crush out Unionism, and it was a fact well known to many that even at the present time no printer professing Union principles can obtain employment in the "Globe" office, without first signing away his liberty. Under these circumstances, it was not surprising that the workingmen themselves should give expression to their sentiments, and upon a resolution being submitted of a very strong character, pledging the workingmen as a class to the support of the candidate who received the opposition of the "Globe," it was carried by a very unanimous show of hands, and what was supposed to be a Wilkes' meeting proved unmistakably upon which side the sympathies and support of the operative classes are cast.

Of course, the conclusion of the affair was anything but satisfactory to the promoters of the meeting, and the "Globe," while giving due prominence to the speech of Mr. Wilkes endeavors

to make little of the remaining transactions of the meeting by asserting that Mr. Andrew Scott, the mover of the resolution—which was too strong for the columns of the "Globe"—was a non-elect, and that the seconder, Mr. Williams, was also a non-elect. So far as the latter gentleman is concerned we have reason to know that the assertion is utterly false. For some years past he has exercised his franchise, and will undoubtedly do so at the present elections.

TIME TO STRIKE.

"Hereditary bondman, know ye not,
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the nine-hours movement—whether it was judicious or otherwise to raise such a question in this country—that question has been superseded by the issue to which it gave rise—namely, the right of workmen to unite for legitimate purposes; or, in other words, to confer with each other on matters relating to their various trades.

It has long been admitted in England that "Capital has its duties, and labor its rights;" but the English artisan who came to Canada under the impression that he would here enjoy the protection of English laws, must have been rudely awakened from his delusion by the prosecution recently instituted against twenty-three respectable men in the chief city of Ontario, at the instance of one who acknowledges that he "rose from nothing"—whose capital was solely derived from extravagant professions of "Liberalism."

A similar question arose in England some twenty years ago; and there, as here, the working classes found many friends outside their own ranks. Even Mr. DISRAELI, who was at the time Chancellor of the Exchequer, appeared to think there was some ground for Government interference; he received a deputation from various Trade Societies very courteously, listened attentively to their representations as to the inconsistency and partiality of the law which permitted employers to combine against workmen, but subjected the latter to penalty if enforced against them. The Government of which Mr. DISRAELI was a member was too weak to enable him to give effect to his intentions, and the necessary modification of the law had to be postponed; but here in Canada, fortunately, the Government of which Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD is Premier, was able to command a majority; and to this circumstance we are indebted, next to SIR JOHN himself, for the repeal of an Act which must have retarded the settlement of this country, and driven every skilled workman in it to seek shelter elsewhere from what has been justly termed a relic of barbarism.

The question at the outset of the contest in England was whether a workman had the right to say when he was exhausted by labor. The employers contended that their "hands"—as they termed the men through whom they were enabled to raise palatial edifices—had no right whatever to object to night work, however fatigued from the labors of the day; and as the men could only resist tyranny enforced by combined employers by a mutual understanding or regulation of their Trade Societies, therefore war was declared against these bodies, and it was resolved that no man should be employed until he signed a document drawn up by the opposing "Masters' Union"—making him literally a serf, without even a serf's protection.

"There's nothing new under the sun." The "Document" of the "Masters' Union" against the Amalgamated Engineers of England, twenty years ago, was the model of that introduced into Canada so recently—the object in both instances was identical—the carrying out of a policy still older—dating back to the time of the Romans, who, perhaps, borrowed it from others more tyrannical than themselves, and comprehended in the motto "Divide and conquer." The parallel between the English taskmasters and their Scotch copyist, however, ends here.

The conduct of the English masters

was considered so harsh, that even the London *Times* denounced it as "vindictive, unrelenting, unpropitiating;" but it was reserved for an extreme "Liberal" in Canada to call in the aid of a detective policeman to dog respectable and peaceable workmen, through the streets of Toronto, and when no breach of the peace, no crime which even a well-paid detective could hope to establish against them could be "got up," then to fall back upon an obsolete law, which even the "English Masters" never invoked. Not content with that, this model "Reformer" slanders the men when they are rescued from this implacable hatred, and trusting for impunity to their contempt for the libeller, or to their supposed inability to obtain legal redress, he charges the entire body to which these men belong with the perpetration of crimes they never contemplated; nay, led away by his ungovernable fury, he even accuses the Minister of Justice with complicity in the commission of outrages which only had birth in his own foeted imagination.

The time is at hand when workingmen of every class can express their opinion on such petty tyranny in the most effectual manner—when they can manifest their contempt for their vindictive calumniators, and strengthen the hands of their proved friends. Let their rallying cry at the approaching elections be "The Rights of Labor" and SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD; and let their votes be recorded only in favor of those who respond loyally to that cry.

THE HAMILTON NOMINATION.

The "Globe's" account of the nomination at Hamilton on Tuesday was very refreshing. "The nomination was attended by rowdiness of the worst kind," and, of course, they were Tory rowdies, and of the very worst stamp—"drunken, villainous looking rowdies" we are told. How grateful the "Globe" must feel that there is no such thing in existence as a Grit rowdy—a landlord's search warrant couldn't possibly have procured one,—no, not one!—at the said nomination at Hamilton, nor could one have been found at the nomination at Kingston—nor at the meeting of Mr. Shanly's friends recently at the guns, in the Queen's Park. *Of course not.*

We should judge, however, from the peculiar tone of the "Globe's" account, that the prospects were exceedingly blue—for its nominees; because it is an innocent pastime—a slight failing, that's all—on the part of the artists of that journal to use pots containing the blackest of preparations, wherewith to "paint" the characters of those who are likely to successfully oppose any of its candidates.

We only hope the workingmen of Hamilton will be true to themselves. If they be so, Messrs. Chisholm and Witton may safely trust their cause in their hands, and their successful return cannot be doubted—the bitter opposition of the "Globe" and its party, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

A CRISPIN STRIKE.

Lynn has another strike, this time against a reduction of wages in the trimming and edge-setting departments, of half a cent per pair, equivalent to a loss of seventy-five cents per day. In some thirty-five shops—many of them the largest—the men turned promptly out on Saturday. As yet the situation remains practically unchanged, the manufacturers stoutly and defiantly resisting any concession. The affair brings Crispinism into prominent discussion again in the daily papers of Massachusetts, who, of course, are highly wise, profound, politic, and economical over the subject. The strike was ordered by the Board of Arbitration.

Parallel with this contest on the matter of wages comes the suggestive fact that a co-operative organization of workingmen for manufacturing shoes in that city, is a fact, getting upon a substantial footing. Events ought to give it an irresistible impetus. Co-operation ought surely to succeed in Lynn if any where. We certainly hope it will.

EAST TORONTO.

The friends of Mr. Beaty are all alive, and are working well to secure his return to Parliament. An enthusiastic meeting was held Tuesday evening at the corner of Queen and Ontario streets, and addresses were made by Mr. Beaty, Mr. John Walker, Mr. J. Hewitt, and others, and the meeting dispersed with cheers for the Queen and Mr. Beaty.

A second meeting was held last night at Kingsberry's tavern, King Street East, at which over 500 electors were present. Mr. F. Metcalf occupied the chair. The speakers were Mr. Beaty, Ald. Coatsworth, and Messrs. Fleming and Parker. A resolution pledging the meeting to support Mr. Beaty was unanimously carried. We are glad to know the prospects of Mr. Beaty's return to Parliament are very gratifying.

WEST TORONTO.

Mr. Crawford is to have opposition in the West. Mr. McLellan has been brought out, and meetings are being held nightly. Where all was quiet before, the utmost activity prevails, and the friends of the Government candidate are fully alive to their position.

CENTRE TORONTO.

Mr. Shanly's canvassers are working well, and their returns are very flattering. Unity of action on the part of all his friends and supporters cannot fail to ensure him a handsome majority. One of the best canvases was the Wilkes' meeting on Thursday last. Such another meeting would reduce the whilk to the merest periwinkle.

THE HAMILTON NOMINATION.

Tuesday was a day of excitement in Hamilton. Between two and three thousand persons were present at the nomination, and there was a lively time generally. The workingmen's candidates were well sustained, there being two to one for Chisholm and Witton. We expect our co-workers in Hamilton will work like heavers, and secure their candidates a triumphant return. The following are the speeches of the candidates named:—

Mayor Chisholm came next, and got a rousing, hearty reception, and a good hearing throughout. He said he would not follow the plan adopted by speakers on the other side, but would define his own position, instead of attacking that of others. He wished to see the work of Confederation pushed on and perfected, and therefore he supported the present Government. There were good men in both parties, but the policy of the government was good on the whole, and he sustained it for that reason. The true friends of Confederation should be sustained in power, and the still outlying provinces of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island would be brought in too. The policy of the Opposition was dictated by Mr. Brown, who was an Obstructionist, doing what he could to retard a good work, and to perpetuate division and strife amongst us. The allowance to Nova Scotia had been objected to, but it was approved by the highest authorities at home, and was acknowledged to be a just and necessary arrangement. The Ministry deserved much credit for the way in which they had met the difficulties that had occurred in Manitoba, and the wonder was that they had succeeded so well, all things considered. The route adopted by the Intercolonial Railway was also objected to by some, but he thought it a perfectly sufficient answer that it had been adopted in deference to the very decided views of the Imperial Government, which we were bound to respect. The Pacific Railway was much spoken against by the other side, but he believed it would pay for itself easily, and be the making of a great country. Instead of railing at the Washington Treaty, we ought to be glad that a settlement of national differences in so honorable a way had been arrived at, a settlement which was so particularly for the benefit of Canada, by insuring peace, quietness, and progress. With friendly relations established on the border, the prosperity of Canada was assured. Protection to home manufactures was, he said, the great thing for this country, but it was opposed by Brown and Mackenzie, who were determined free-traders. It would be carried, however, by Sir John, and in spite of them (cheers), and Hamilton ought to distinguish between the friends and the foes of the policy they favored. He was in favor of all real reforms, and would support the ballot and extension of the suf-

frage to persons having a certain income, but who were now excluded. (Cheers.) The party to which he belonged brought out their men boldly and independently, but his opponents were nominated by a power beyond their control, and were bound hand and foot. The interest of the workingman and the promotion of manufactures were in reality one and the same thing. He had every confidence that himself and Mr. Witton would be triumphantly elected by the people of Hamilton. (Cheers.)

Mr. H. B. Witton came forward and was loudly applauded, it being evident that he had the crowd with him most enthusiastically. He had consented to be a candidate, because he regarded it as a matter of duty that the offer of influential men to support himself, a *bona fide* workingman, should not fall to the ground because he would not accept. This was his conviction, and he would have failed in his duty to the workingmen had he refused. The various classes should be represented in Parliament as much as possible, in each one by members of its own. In former times the workingmen of Hamilton had given their confidence to business men who were candidates; now the business men were giving their confidence to a workingman, himself, and the opportunity was not to be made light of. He was not a No-Party man, but believed that Parties there must be in every free country. He declared himself a Party man, but if he went to Parliament he would go there untrammelled. The Canadian constitution was so much of a popular or reformed constitution, that there was little now to reform. The government of the country had become, in consequence, less a question of measures than of men. It had not always been so, but it was so now. It was something to the credit of Sir John Macdonald, that after twenty-five years of successful public life, as the leading statesman in a prosperous country, he was still poor and not wealthy, which latter he might easily have been. He noticed that although Mr. Magill denounced the Washington Treaty out and out, Mr. Irving was more cautious on this subject. The Treaty was not the most desirable, but the best possible, that was what he believed. Would people just try to realize what probably would have been the consequences had Canada rejected it. The policy of the Government, as they had heard, would be one of protection to home manufactures, and what question had greater interest for Hamilton than this? The Opposition was a Free Trade Party, and Messrs. Irving and Magill voting for Protection would amount to nothing with the leader of their Party firmly wedded to Free Trade. When England adopted Free Trade she was a century in advance of other nations, but Canada was a young country, and the difference was obvious. Articles that Canada did not produce should come in free of duty. He wound up a really eloquent speech with a review of the glorious prospects of the Dominion and an appeal to the electors to vote on the side of good and patriotic government.

WHO ARE CHISHOLM AND WITTON?

A Hamilton correspondent of the *Mail* sends the following personal sketches:—
"Mr. Chisholm is Mayor of Hamilton, and is now serving a second civic term. He is youngest of the seven sons of Col. Chisholm, of Oakville, who died in April, 1872, in the 80th year of his age, a veteran hero of the war of 1812. This seventh son is in his thirty-ninth year, but looks ten years younger. With a copious beard, intellectual features, courteous manners, his presence is felt by a stranger to be that of a gentleman. He is senior member of the firm of Chisholm & Lazier, barristers, a copartnership in good practice and well repute. Mr. Chisholm takes an active part in works of philanthropy and industrial developments; is eloquent in speech, refined in diction, and possesses mental power which in Parliament will soon carry him into the ranks of prominent statesmen.

H. B. Witton, who runs conjointly with the Mayor, is foreman in one of the Great Western workshops at Hamilton. He is an Englishman, from near London; age, about thirty-six; an original genius in the highest sense of the term, modest and un-demonstrative. His researches in microscopy and vast range of thought, extend from objects infinitely small to the greatest in the boundless universe, carrying his readers and listeners—of whom the writer of this paragraph is one—to the Almighty Centre of all power and goodness and glory. When, in 1860, the Prince of Wales sent a generous donation to the employees of the Great Western, common opinion alighted on Mr. Witton, of the painter's shop—Parliamentary candidate of to-day—and Mr. David McCulloch, of the upholsterer's shop—now co-proprietor and editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*—as leading committeemen to dispose of the donation. A scientific library was purchased, by choice selections

from English and American catalogues, evincing in its specialities fine literary taste and wide knowledge in bibliography. Mr. Witton's private library is a treasury. In practical sciences lying within the domain of physical nature, only a few learned gentlemen on this continent approach Mr. Witton. Honored indeed will be the order of workingmen, honored the city of Hamilton if this gentle, pure-minded, intelligent citizen be elected one of its members of Parliament.

THE CONTRASTS OF A LIFE.

In a recent speech at Great Falls, N. H., Senator Wilson, referring to some experience in his early life, said:—

"I feel that I have the right to speak for toiling men. I was born here in your county of Stafford; was in poverty; want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, received a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. A dollar would cover every penny I spent from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles, and ask my fellow-men for leave to toil. I remember that in September, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, and went through your mills, seeking employment. If any body had offered me eight or nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went down to Salmon Falls, to Dover, I went to Newmarket, and tried to get work, without success, and I returned home weary but not discouraged, and I put my pack on my back and walked to the town where I now live and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in this world, and every pulsation of my heart, every conviction of my judgment, puts me on the side of the toiling men of the country—aye, of all countries.

I am glad the workingmen of Europe are getting discontented and want better wages. I thank God that a man in the United States to-day can earn from three to four dollars at ten hours work, easier than he could forty years ago one dollar working from twelve to fifteen hours. The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill logs, wood, arose in the morning before daybreak, and worked hard until dark at night, and I received for it the magnificent sum of six dollars! And when I got the money, those dollars looked as large to me as the moon looked to-night. On the farm on which I served an apprenticeship, I have seen the best men, who ever put scythe into grass, working for from fifty cents to four shillings a day, in the longest days in the summer. Yesterday I asked the men who were there what they paid men in haying time last summer, and they said from \$2 to \$2.50 a day. This was paid on the same ground where men worked forty years ago for from fifty cents to four shillings, and took their pay in farm produce, not money. I have seen the brightest women go into the farm houses and work for from fifty cents to four shillings a week milking the cows, making butter and cheese, washing, spinning and weaving, doing all kinds of hard work. I was told yesterday, that many young women were earning in the shops \$1 a day, and that those who worked in house were getting from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a week.

To-day the laboring men and women of our country are earning from three to four times as much in a day, as they could forty years ago, and a day's work is shorter now than it was then. After I had learned a trade in the place where I live, I worked fourteen hours a day, month after month, to earn \$40 a month. There are hundreds of men there now who in ten hours can earn a hundred dollars more easily than I could earn forty in fifteen hours. I am grateful to God that this is so. I do not care anything about a few men or corporations piling up a great amount of money. I believe God meant this world to grow men and women and not to pile up money. That is my belief, and I want to see the men and women who bear the burdens and do the work have a full share of all they earn, and that an honest day's work shall always have a fair day's pay.

The now illustrious Terry Clarke, of mushroom notoriety, having been forced to intellectual puberty in the *Globe* hot bed, being further desirous of spreading his fame, entered the shop of a clothing merchant on Queen Street West, and upon not being recognized by the proprietor exclaimed: "Don't you know me?" The astonished proprietor answered the stranger

"No!" whereupon the hero of the bogus testimonial said, "I am Terry Clarke that writes those letters for the *Globe*," but oh! horrors, the answer unexpected, "Well, if you are you are a very mean man."

ANARCHY IN MEXICO.

Several gentlemen recently in business in Mexico have abandoned all their affairs there and returned to New York. They say the hostility to Americans is steadily increasing, and makes it unprofitable to remain there. One of these men, who was running a silver mine, says the Mexicans made no objection to the investment of money, but as soon as the works became profitable large contributions under the name of loans were exacted. All the profits of the mine were thus swallowed up, and finally the superintendent, on refusing to pay, was imprisoned. He was obliged to pay for his release. Several others were subjected to similar treatment. Several mining and other enterprises in Central and Northern Mexico have been given up, and two companies, being organized here for operations in Mexico, will doubtless be abandoned. Kidnapping, in order to obtain ransom for the prisoners, has been exceedingly prevalent of late. The spiriting away of prominent citizens in considerable numbers, and retaining them until a considerable reward is offered for their safe return, has become a systematized business. A correspondent from the city of Mexico writes that a secret society, composed of the criminals of all nations, are engaged in the latest co-operative movement. They treat hostages with extreme barbarity, mutilating them, and often putting them to death, if there is no prospect of realizing a ransom. The kidnapping business is extending to other localities, and an effort is being made to exterminate the society.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

It has already been announced, says the correspondent of the *Scotsman*, that the general congress of the International is to be held at the Hague, commencing on the 2nd of September next; but I am informed that this may be the last general congress ever held by this famous association, and that after this meeting it may cease to exist. Three conflicting propositions will be brought before the congress, and strongly urged by their respective advocates. These propositions are:—

1st. To strengthen the power of the General Council sitting permanently in London, so as to invest it with almost despotic authority, enabling it to excommunicate and cut off any sections or federations which do not in every way conform to its demands, and act up to its interpretation of their duty. The General Council is to be lessened in the number of its members while thus increased in power, and is to consist, in fact, of one man, with ten or twelve assistants or secretaries, wholly subservient to him. This is the demand of Karl Marx and some of his subordinates here; and although it will be strongly resisted, he will declare that without this increase of authority in the hands of the executive, the association cannot continue to successfully carry on its work.

2nd. A plan for the revision and alteration of the existing rules, so as to abolish the General Council altogether, and to authorize the Federal Council in each country to exercise the authority in its sphere hitherto exercised by the General Council. The effect of this would be to put an end to the Association as an International or *Ceumenical* body, and to split it up into a number of little organizations, each acting in entire independence of the other, and without the guidance or control of a central head. This plan will be proposed by the Belgian members of the Congress. It will be supported by the French members, and in the event of the failure of the third proposition by the Spanish and Swiss members, it will most probably be adopted.

3rd. To convert the Association into a simple trades union, eliminating all social and political theories as principles of the Association, and confining its efforts simply to the increase of wages and the shortening of the hours of labor. This is the proposition of the Spanish members, and is supported by the Swiss; but I am told it probably will fail of adoption, and the second plan will be carried. In point of fact, the experience of the last year has shown that the Association cannot control international affairs. English workmen on strike have seen themselves swamped by the arrival here of foreign workmen, over whom the International has had no control, and the opinion of many of its members is that the more ambitious aims of the Association may as well be abandoned.

FIRE IN ERAMOSO.—A fire occurred on the premises of Mr. John Rea, lot 28, con. 5, last Friday. The following articles were

destroyed: barn and stables, with their contents, including ten tons of hay, one wagon, two sleighs, one fanning-mill, straw cutter, two sets of harness, nine pigs, one set of harrows, forks, rakes, &c. Origin of fire unknown. Insured in the Waterloo Mutual.

FOREIGN.

Some six hundred shoemakers at Lynn, Mass., comprising the employees of thirty-six shops, have struck against a reduction of wages. The strike, however, is limited in extent, as much the larger proportion of the number of manufacturers have not yet proposed to make a reduction of wages.

A madman on the Carlisle and Penrith Railway pulled out a knife, and told a gentleman that he intended to kill the three sleeping gentlemen, and also the wide-awake one, who thereupon asked to look at the knife to see if it would really do the work. It was given up innocently, and the madman was knocked down and secured, after a desperate struggle.

Much commotion prevailed in Wigan and the neighbourhood on Saturday night in consequence of the strike against high price of meat. Great crowds assembled, and those who bought were hooted. Several cases were reported of meat being taken away from purchasers. About 11 some butchers reduced their prices, and they soon cleared out their stocks.

A great day is dawning for the laboring classes. Let them not be dazzled by the sun of success. Moderately, peaceably, earnestly, and, above all, unitedly, let them work for justice, and no page will be brighter in the history of the nineteenth century than that which will record the triumph of labor.—*Irish World*.

As a train on the Dublin and Drogheda Railway was nearing the Kilbarrack crossing the other day, a deaf and dumb mendicant attempted to cross after the gates were closed. The gate-keeper endeavoured to stop him, but he was too late. The train knocked both men down and killed them instantaneously. The bodies were frightfully mutilated, the deaf and dumb man's head being completely severed from the body.

From Zurich the *Swiss Times* hears that "several of our future 'doctresses' are adopting costumes which are neither male nor female. They wear short dresses, their hair not so long as many of the students of the opposite sex, small round hats, &c. In a word, their whole appearance confirms the opinion that if a young girl wishes to study medicine she must cease to be a woman. In short, she must be, as was said of Queen Elizabeth of England, 'more than a woman and less than a man.'"

On Sunday a young man named William Poundford, a corn trimmer, was found hanging to a limb of a tree at Hamp, near Bridgewater. In his pocket was found a letter addressed to a young widow to whom he had been paying his addresses, but who is reported to have jilted him. He informed her that "You may now have Dick altogether, for I shan't trouble you any longer. You will find me in Hamp fields, hung up to a tree."

At Clerkenwell Church, on Sunday, was solemnized the marriage of a young couple belonging to the Order of Good Templars. The members of the Order, male and female, of the various lodges in the vicinity attended to the number of 200 or 300, dressed in their regalia, the bride being led to the altar at 10 a. m. by brother C. Cobb, of Islington, a high dignitary of the Order. As the happy pair left the church, the brothers and sisters formed a double line for them to pass through, while outside the parish church were assembled some thousands of the astonished inhabitants, who lustily cheered brother Cobb and his party as they drove away.

The papers are publishing as a curious item a statement to the effect that "a horse pulled the plug out of a bung-hole of a water-barrel and slaked his thirst." As the horse could not have slaked his thirst without pulling the plug out of the bung-hole of the barrel, we do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. If the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bung-hole and slaked its thirst, it might have been worth while to make a fuss over it.

On Saturday morning, at a very early hour, a youthful couple made application for board and lodging at a private boarding-house on the Natwich-road, Crewe, asserting to the somewhat incredulous landlady that they were man and wife. On Tuesday, however, the father of the young lady arrived and took her away, though he was unable to persuade his daughter to leave her gallant until the assistance of a police-officer had been obtained.

It appears the young gentleman was 16, and the young lady 14 years of age, and that the happy couple eloped from Birmingham late on Friday night. Their intention was to sail for Canada in a few days, but they unwittingly frustrated any plans of their own by writing to one of their juvenile friends, who at once gave the address to the sorrowful father of the young lady. In support of her assertion that she was married, the girl told the landlady that she had two sisters married at 9 years of age.

DEATH.

Died, in Eramoso, on the 20th ult., David, only son of Mr. William Sanderson, aged nine years.

BE A WOMAN.

BY A. KODDELOW.

Oh I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Fleeting with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman! naught is higher
On the gilded crest of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman! On to duty!
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's giddy lady—
Be brave, whole-souled, true woman.

HIRING A CLERK.

The following is not a new story, but it is a true one, and we think it will bear repeating: A great many years ago, a tall muscular looking man walked into a wholesale grocery in Boston. He had evidently arrived from some of the backwood towns of Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:—

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I do not know what can you do?"

"Do?" said the man; "I rather think that I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well—if I was to hire a man, it will be a strong wily fellow, one that could lift well; one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There now, cap'n," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?"

"I will tell you," said the merchant, "If you will shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for one year, at a salary of \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger. By this time every clerk in the store had gathered around, and were waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking up to the stack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook, which was fastened to the wall, and then hanging it up, he turned to the merchant and said:—

"There now, it may hang there until doomsday; I shan't never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister. Just give me plenty to do; and one hundred dollars per month, and it is all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfited yet satisfied, kept to his agreement; and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth a million dollars."

EFFECT OF GROANING.

A certain Dutchman made his entry into New Orleans last summer while the cholera was raging there, and was greatly troubled in finding a boarding house. He inquired of the first one he saw if they had the cholera in the house, and learning that they had, he went to another; determined not to stop at any house where the disease was doing its work of death. At last, after a long and weary search, he found one where there was no cholera, and he took up his quarters there. The master of the house was a godly man, and had a rule to have family prayer. While he was offering the prayer, he groaned with some force and fervor, when the dutchman started up and cried out:

"Vot ish ter matter?"

"Nothing," said the host.

In a short time he groaned ag and the Dutchman started, his eyes glarin like saucers, and exclaimed—

"Oh! mein Got! der is something the matter mit you."

"No," said the landlord, and to calm his apprehension, he added, "I'm a Methodist, and it is the habit of the members of the Methodist church to groan during their devotions."

This was enough for the Dutchman, who rushed into the street for a doctor, and then begged him to run to the house on the corner.

"Have they got the cholera?" asked the doctor.

"No, worse; dey got the Methodist, and der man vill die if you don't run quick."

Gleanings.

Why is a spider a good correspondent?—Because he drops a line by every post.

When anger rises, think of the consequences.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are shewing you the grounds of it.

The blush is nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.

Why is a treadmill like a true convert?—Because its turning is the result of man's conviction.

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck; yet are they often only like the stones used by pearl divers, which enable them to reach their prize and to rise enriched.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE.—Said a friend to a merchant, who was trying to collect some outstanding bills, "You have a good deal of money coming to you, haven't you?" "Yes," replied the merchant; "and I can't help wondering why I have to run so often after what is coming to me."

Benevolence in itself is godlike; but benevolence alone is but a godlike statue—an effigy embodying a divine idea, but an effigy in marble. Add to benevolence sympathy and the statue takes bloom and life.

SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.—Chateauf, Keeper of the Seals of Louis XIII., when a boy of only nine years old was asked many questions by a Bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said:—"I will give you an orange if you tell me where God is." "My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where He is not."

The following is an alarming evidence of the progress of the photographic art:—A lady, last week, had her likeness taken by a photographer; and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

CHEER UP.—Keep a brave heart. It matters not whether the sun shines on you or not, if you only have sunshine within. Do not pout and complain of "nasty weather," but see the sunny side of the subject, and laugh the storm or misfortune in the face. Should trouble overtake you, look it out of countenance—it will soon disappear.

HOURS THAT SHINE.—There is a sun-dial in Italy which bears this inscription:—"I mark the hours that shine." Aye, that is the secret of a cheerful and grateful heart to "mark the hours that shine." He who does this, will ordinarily find more hours that shine than are clouded—more good than ill in his lot; and he shall never be able to say, I have no occasion for thanksgiving.

The other day a lady fell off the Brooklyn (New York) boat into the East River. A poor Irishman dived and rescued her. When she was safe on deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said, as he pocketed the money, "Don't blame the jittleman—he knows best; mayhap if I hadn't saved her, he'd have given me a dollar!"

Hahnemann, the founder of the Homeopathic school, was one day consulted by a wealthy English lord. The doctor listened patiently to the statement which the patient made to him. He then took a small phial, opened it, and held it under his lordship's nose. "Smell! Well, you are cured." The lord asked, in surprise, "How much do I owe you?"—A thousand francs, was the reply. The lord immediately pulled out a bank note, and held it under the doctor's nose. "Smell! Well, you are paid!"

ECONOMY.—"Waste not, want not," is a good old proverb. "He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much." A person who takes no care of the materials committed to his hands by his employer will never duly husband his own property. Economy and wastefulness are habits that will influence us in all things, both when we are engaged about our own substance or that of another. To waste another's goods is the same as to rob him. The loss in both cases is equal, and the principles whence they spring very much alike. The man who takes care of his employer's goods is sure to look after his own, and thus is on the road to prosperity.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! stupendous thought! The ever present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain composing the life God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchre; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty, can come no footsteps of decay.

STRANGE CRIME.

(Telegram to Manchester Guardian.)

To-day, at Warwick assizes, before Mr. Justice Blackburn, Frederick Farley, 55, plumber, of West Bromwich, was indicted for wounding James Hamilton Marr, at Birmingham, in February last, with intent to murder him. The prosecutor is a banker in Upper Priory, Birmingham, and the prisoner had through him frequently advised trade bills, but there had been no unpleasantness. On several nights prisoner called at the bank, which did not close until six o'clock, and he always carried a long parcel. On the 16th of February last he called and asked for the prosecutor. He was told he would shortly be disengaged, and he waited with the mysterious parcel in his possession. Suddenly he attacked Mr. Marr with a short stick, into the end of which two sharp steel spikes had been firmly fixed. He stabbed Mr. Marr, but the spike struck a metal button, which it split in two, and then entered prosecutor's coat. But for this obstruction the medical witnesses thought the blow would have proved fatal. The prisoner made several other stabs at the prosecutor, and on assistance arriving he hurled the instrument at Mr. Marr, when it struck in the doorway through which he had just passed, penetrating half an inch. The prisoner struck two men, named Giviller, violent blows on the head with a hammer when they attempted to arrest him, and he was also found possessed of a new butcher's knife. When in the lock-up he attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. The defence set up was that the prisoner, from injury sustained to his head years ago, was not sane at the time. The jury found the prisoner guilty of attempting to murder, and he pleaded guilty to a previous conviction for forgery. His Lordship said the object of the attack was evidently robbery, and he sentenced the prisoner to penal servitude for life. The prisoner clung to the bar, and asserted that he had had a most unfair trial.

AMERICAN.

The San Francisco papers say that Josie Mansfield has bought a house in that city, which she will occupy permanently.

The *Versailles* (Mo.) *Gazette* says that there is a sheep-eating mule in that neighbourhood, which feeds on mutton and grass alternately. He has eaten up a large number of lambs, and the poor dogs have been blamed for it.

Michigan has a law making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment, to aim a firearm at any person, whether it be loaded or not, and if harm come of such an act, the perpetrator is responsible criminally and pecuniarily.

Miss Lillie Donovan, a New Orleans beauty, recently addressed the following challenge to a rival, Miss Julia Riddle:—"Miss Julia: When you get ready to choose your sekonds and the hour to fite and the place let me no, for I'm ready. Your mistress."

The peach growers of Jersey and Delaware always circulate preliminary walls concerning the shortness of the crop in order to stimulate the market; but this year some one has peached that the growth promises very extraordinary things both in quantity and quality.

A friend of the *Christian Register*, New York, writes a clergyman that he has got so far in politics as to hurrah for Gr., but doesn't know whether to end with ant or eeley. The clergyman replies by referring him to Proverbs vi, 6—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard."

An afflicted patron of intelligence offices thus gives vent to his emotions in an American paper: "Earnestly solicited—A person of culture and aesthetic taste to preside at the kitchen range where there are only two in family. Salary, whatever such a superior mortal could deign to ask."

The Lebanon (Ky.) *Standard* says that two men came into Greensburg last week from Bush creek and wanted to enlist in Gen. Hobson's regiment of Union volunteers to aid in putting down the rebellion. They had never been in town before, and had not heard that the war was over.

Miss Maggie Knight, of Holyoke, Mass., recently patented a square-bottomed bag for the use of grocers and others, and now she has still further increased the value of her invention by inventing a machine for folding bags, by which two girls can make thirty thousand bags per day.

The Lynchburg (Va.) *Republican* says that Mrs. Woodson, the mother of "Stonewall" Jackson, lies buried in the neighbouring burying ground of the late James Westlake, Esq., near the Hawk's nest, Fayette County, West Virginia. The grave is uncared for, and the burying grounds are in ruins.

Tying a line, on the end of which is a fish hook, to a large rocket, hitching the hook to a man's hat and then getting him to fire off the rocket, is the latest form of practical joking in Troy, New York. It works to the intense astonishment of the victim, and the intense amusement of the jokers.

"Slaughter of the Innocents" is what the Cincinnati *Gazette* calls the butchery of three hundred dogs without muzzles. The city offered fifty cents a head for dogs found without muzzles, and the boys set to work taking muzzles off of poodles and stealing house dogs from the doors of their owners.

Eastern farmers little appreciate the attractions of cultivating the soil in the West. In Iowa, for instance, the sons of toil are fighting the potato-bug, chinch-bug, cut-worm, wire-worm, grub-worm, army-worm, gopher, ground-squirrel, mice, rats, meadow-mole, caterpillar, curculio, blackbird, mischievous neighbours and rambling stock.

Following the pattern set by New York, Philadelphia has raised a fund of several thousand dollars to provide free excursions for the poor children of the city during the summer, and committees of its foremost citizens have undertaken the superintendence of the charity; and Baltimore and other cities are preparing to do likewise.

It is stated that thirty of the best European engravers are engaged in New York in manufacturing counterfeit plates of European bank notes. Fifty persons travel between New York and Europe, carrying over the counterfeit bills to the Old World, and

as many more act as agents in the larger cities of Europe for the circulation of spurious currency.

A brother and sister, named Moses and Anna Paulette, have just been sent to the asylum from Albany. For some months past they have imagined that the city of Albany was indebted to them in the sum of \$52,000, and they have attended every court during the period, expecting the case would be passed upon. They have also supposed that their neighbours intended to poison them, and for the last four or five nights have sought refuge in the station house.

The Boston *Globe* says there are scores of men in that city in all the learned professions who do the greater part of their work under the influence of opium. For this fact it names two causes, the unpopularity of alcoholic drinks and the occult demands of a high civilization. But this ought to be borne in mind by those who are tempted to use this narcotic; it is almost impossible to break off its use, and its continued use is physical destruction.

Virginia City has an awful and exciting mystery. The bodies of two unknown women were found in an obscure cabin in an unknown part of the city last week. The bodies maintained the rosy hue of life peculiar to arsenic eaters, with no indications of decomposition or decay; both were fashionably attired in dresses of costly material, with the accessories of lace collars and undersleeves of costly material. Nearly the entire population had been to look at the corpses, but they were still unrecognized.

The San Salvadorian troops, commanded by Mendina alias Mendineta, have occupied Omoa, Honduras. The town itself was defenceless, and was soon in the hands of the enemy. The Hondurian fort fired on the town, killing seven San Salvadorians. Some of the balls penetrated the British Consulate and other buildings. The San Salvadorians then took the women and children of the town, including the wife of the President of Honduras, and placed them in the main street, where they all remained as hostages, threatened with death unless the fort surrendered. Pillaging had already been inaugurated. Mendineta compelled the acting President, Gomez, to nominate him (Mendineta) as President of Honduras. The inauguration occurred on the 17th. The Hondurians were averse to the inauguration, and none were present at the ceremonies, while many fled to the woods.

Lieut. Burke, of the Texas Mounted Police Force, and others have been examined before a United States Commission on Mexican outrages, sitting at Brownsville. Their evidence shows an appalling record of murders. Numbers of army officers and soldiers and couriers have been killed for plunder. State officials and custom officers have been killed, and their bodies mangled with Indian malice. Men have been killed within the limits of Brownsville, and officers besieged at the mouth of Rio Grande, murdered by parties crossing in full daylight. Nothing is safe from the spoilers and thieves, who are armed with Spencer and Winchester rifles. A war of races is looked on as inevitable.

HOW A MAN'S FRIENDS NEARLY STRANGLER HIM.

(From the St. Louis Republican.)

A man named Henry Neeley went down into a well on Saturday night at Bissell's Point for the purpose of recovering a hat which had been dropped in. In a short time he gave a signal of distress, which told those above him that he was being overcome with foul air. There was but little time for deliberation. A rope was hastily procured by the bystanders, one end of which was formed into a noose and let down to the sufferer. After angling a moment the man in the well gave the rope a little jerk, and the men at the other end commenced pulling it up. When about half way out they discovered that the noose had fallen over the man's head, and that he was dangling by the neck. Horrified at the discovery, they wisely concluded that death by strangulation was no worse than death by suffocation, and so they continued to pull away until they landed Neeley on terra firma in an unconscious state. By the application of proper restoratives he was reanimated, and is now doing well.

SUICIDE IN HYDE PARK.

In the *Times* of Tuesday information was given of the suicide, in Kensington Gardens, of a young gentleman named Frank Sharpe, and the facts disclosed at the inquest, which was held by Mr. Bedford, at the Kensington Workhouse, within thirty hours of the occurrence, were peculiarly distressing. The deceased, who was about 23 years old, and was connected with the corn trade in the City of London, was married only on Saturday last, and the marriage seemed in every way a suitable and happy union. On Monday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, the deceased went up to a constable in that part of the Gardens known as St. Gever's Well, and asked him where the Albert Memorial was the Memorial being a prominent object at no very great distance. The constable replied, "Why, there it is." The young gentleman thereupon exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I don't know what's the matter with me this morning. I feel quite bewildered." About three minutes afterwards three pistol shots were heard. Two gentlemen who were returning from bathing in the Serpentine saw a young man firing a revolver in the air; he fired two shots rapidly without apparently aiming at anything. Then they saw him leap into the air and fall lifeless on the ground. The two gentlemen and the policeman reached the body very quickly, and it was found that the deceased had placed the muzzle of the revolver at the centre of his forehead and had thus caused instantaneous death. In his pocket was a letter addressed to his brother, and also a note, with a sovereign, saying that the money was for whoever found his body and took it to the dead-house. The constable at once went to the house of the brother, where the sad news was known almost at the very moment the man knocked at the door, for the early post had brought letters from the deceased stating his resolution to take away his life, and saying where his body would be found. It was apparent that the letters had been written on some other date than that on which they were posted, for there were creases and the fresh date was filled in. In

the letters he spoke about himself as being weakly in frame, and as unable to bear the work of life, and unfit for his then position. Evidence was given, showing that the deceased had acted very strangely at times towards his friends; that he had no pecuniary troubles, and that his mind must have given way before a growing melancholia. The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased committed suicide while in an unsound state of mind."—*Times*.

FOREIGN.

An expedition to fix the exact locality of the garden of Eden is spoken of.

A brother of Mrs. Scott-Siddons is about to make his debut as an actor at Bristol, Eng.

Her Majesty has recommended Parliament to grant a pension of £1,000 a year for life to the widowed Countess of Mayo.

A fall of manna is reported at Cannanore, in the Madras presidency. It is a gummy, honey-like juice, sticking on the leaves of the trees and the grass.

The brother of the King of Portugal, who is said to possess a remarkable tenor voice, lately made his debut at a private concert in the salon of the French President.

A Jewish faculty has been established by the Emperor of Austria in the Imperial University, to be equal in rights and privileges to the Roman Catholic and Protestant faculties.

The *Vossische Zeitung*, the great advertising medium in Berlin, is offered for sale. A stock company offered three million thalers for it, but the proprietors asked one million more.

A London journal states that 120,000 square feet of land on the Holborn Viaduct in that city has been let upon a building lease for £15,000; or \$75,000 gold per annum.

It is rumored that Commodore Jenkins, weary of the bore of doing nothing on land, is about to resume the position of principal old salt of the Cunard line, and take command of the Scotia.

The Russian Government has decided that foreign insurance companies must deposit \$377,000 (half a million roubles) in the bank of Russia, as a precedent to being admitted to do business in that country.

The English rivers are to be stocked with American black bass, a quantity of the young fry from Saratoga Lake having recently been despatched to England for the purpose of trying the experiment.

The investigation preliminary to Marshal Bazaine's trial is scarcely likely to be completed before the end of September, and it is expected that the actual trial will not take place before the beginning of October.

At the annual meeting of the British Woman's Suffrage Society, Jacob Bright, M. P., said he believed they would soon obtain the object for which they were working, as the question had risen into national importance.

At a garden party near Henley, Eng., the other day, each lady on arrival was presented by the hostess with a pair of galoshes, one hundred pairs having been telegraphed for from London when the morning proved unpropitious.

The Duke of Cleveland has lately bought an estate in Yorkshire belonging to a Mr. Millbank, who is a member of the House of Commons. The money to be paid is as follows: One million dollars down, and one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Many varieties of the American grape are now successfully cultivated in France, among them the Clinton, Cunningham, Delaware, and Taylor. They are said to grow luxuriantly in the French vineyard soil, and the wine made from them is of a superior quality.

Dejazet, the French actress, who has entered upon her seventy-fifth year, is drawing crowds nightly at Marseilles, to see her in the plays of "Monsieur Garat" and "Gentil Bernard." She dances, say the French critics, with the most elegant dexterity.

The marriage of Captain W. B. Hallott of the missionary brig *Morning Star* to Miss Mercy R. Hall, of Yarmouth, is thus announced in a Hawaiian paper:—

"HALLETT—HALL.—Ma keia kulanakauhale, June 4, ma ka Luakini of Kaukau, marea e Rev. W. Frear, o Kapena Uilama B. Hallett o ke kiauia Missionari Hokuu, la Miss Mercie R. Hall of Yarmouth, Mass., Ma kahi o Rev. J. F. Pogue ka luana ana."

Another great historic house—Northumberland House, in Trafalgar Square, London—is doomed. The Metropolitan Board of Works are elaborating a great scheme for making a new road through Northumberland House to the Victoria Embankment. The scheme is estimated to cost several millions of pounds. Northumberland House alone being down for £489,500. It is stated that the Duke of Northumberland is favourable to the scheme.

The historical lime or linden tree, under which Martin Luther preached at Ringthal, in Saxony (because the neighbouring town of Mittweida would not allow the Reformer to appear in public, and the Ringthal church proved too small), was burnt to a mere stump on the 26th June. The accident is attributed to the sordid practice of some peasants having used fire to expel and "hive" a swarm of bees "on the wing" which had taken refuge in the old branches.

The London *Echo* says the failure to convict Stokes of the attempt to murder Flak is not altogether surprising, though it is of course due to the confusion of mind almost always observable in a jury. On the fact it was clearly their duty to convict, leaving the law responsible for the result. But falling into the usual error of jurymen, some appear to have supposed it their business to decide upon the equity of the case; and feeling that Stokes had rid New York of a social pest, and perhaps also having a sympathy for him as a man whom Flak had sworn to ruin, they would not convict. This is practically a miscarriage of justice; and in England, as well as in America, this habit of juries to overstep their duties results in a failure of justice ten times for once that it operates beneficially.

A FRENCH TRAGEDY.

THE FRATRICIDE OF COUNT DE KERMELE.

(From N. Y. World correspondent.)

PARIS, July 18.—All Paris, and especially the Faubourg St. Germain, was shocked last April by rumours that Count Olivier de Kermel had assassinated his brother, Ernest de Kermel. The friends of the family attempted to refute the rumour by attributing the sudden death to misadventure, but it was confirmed by the action taken by the magistrates, and by an advertisement which immediately appeared in the Paris newspapers, and which offered for sale Chateau de Kersalaun, the seat of the de Kermel family. At 9 o'clock Count Olivier de Kermel has just been arraigned before the Court of Assizes for this crime. Count Olivier de Kermel is a tall, dark-complexioned, black-haired man. He wears all his beard. He is lame. He is only thirty, but he looks fully forty years old. When arraigned he wore deep black gloves included. He hung down his head, and kept his arms folded on his breast. The two brothers, Olivier and Ernest de Kermel, lived with their mother in Chateau de Kersalaun, Finistère (Land's-end) County, one of the bleakest portions of Brittany. Their mother became a widow several years since. Olivier de Kermel was Mayor of the township and lieutenant of the wolf-hunters of that district. He, being the eldest male member of the family, managed the family estate. He was a passionate, violent man. His deformity made him more ill-tempered; it grated continually on his nerves. His brother, Ernest, was only twenty-four years old, was extremely handsome and winning, was of a gentle, quiet temper, and his mother's favorite child. There never had been kind feelings between the brothers. Nature had separated them by an abyss—their opposite characters. The eldest brother especially hated and was jealous of his brother; the latter, Ernest, looked with unfriendly eyes on Olivier. In January last Mme. de Kermel hired a peasant girl of twenty for cook. Marie Le Clech had no personal advantages to recommend her except the gloss of youth, which in Brittany (the Wales of France) is a very clear complexion, a white skin, and ruddy cheeks. Her countenance has all the insignificance with which an uneducated, vacant mind defaces blue eyes, blonde hair, and youth's glow. Despite some giddiness (not inexcusable in young blood), Marie Le Clech's character is stainless. She had scarcely entered Mme de Kermel's service when both brothers became enamoured of her. Each sought to make her his mistress. Baffled in their designs, both offered her marriage. She declined suits and offers. This passion of the brothers for their cook, and their common jealousy, burst through all disguises. The whole neighbourhood knew that the brothers were rivals. Olivier, especially, had no scruple about venting in anybody's ear his animosity against his lameless brother, his preferred rival—so he thought Ernest. He surprised Ernest talking with the cook (it was a very few days before the perpetration of the crime), and he yelled:—"Tis lucky for him that he is my brother; for, but for this relation, I should fill his head with shot." The 12th of April a most violent quarrel took place between the brothers. Ernest, exasperated as he had never before been, declared that he should beg his mother to discharge Marie Le Clech. Olivier begged, implored him to do no such thing. Marie Le Clech herself, notwithstanding her youth and ignorance, had a womanly instinct of the dangers and perils of her situation, and determined to ask her discharge. The very next morning (13th April) she settled accounts with Mme. de Kermel and instantly quitted the house. Olivier was frantic with rage. He pressed his mother to recall the girl. Mme. de Kermel positively refused to do so. He then abused Ernest in most vituperative terms. He swore he would resign all his offices, quit the house, and never set foot in it again. Ernest overheard some of these ravings, and the same evening gave Olivier a slip of paper containing threats. This note was the last communication which passed between the two brothers. This same evening (13th April) Olivier wrote resignations of his offices of mayor, municipal councillor, and lieutenant of wolf-hunters. The next day (14th April) he went up stairs immediately after breakfast to complete his preparations for departure. The noise made as he pulled about his portmanteaus showed how excited he was. His mother went to his chamber to dissuade him from leaving home; she ended, "God will not bless you if you quit in this way your kith and kin." He rudely replied: "I don't care." When left alone, with all the arrangements for leaving home completed, and the last step which severed him from his family about to be taken, he probably imagined his future position—an isolated wail in the world, without social position, with none of those influential offices which increased his influence, and with his brother in undisturbed possession of Marie Le Clech. He became frenzied. He took his loaded revolver, hid it under his overcoat, and went in search of Ernest. He had to go down a long passage, a staircase of twenty-five steps, through the billiard-room, into the library. Ernest was seated in the library and attentively reading a newspaper. He did not raise his eyes when Olivier entered. Olivier drew his revolver, and without saying a word fired at Ernest. They were not a foot apart. The ball went through and through Ernest's head, and he fell on the floor writhing in death's last throes. Olivier leaned over him and fired two more shots into his head, both going clear through it. Olivier threw his revolver on a table, went to the stable, saddled his horse, and galloped to Chateau de Faou. He stopped in front of the Justice of the Peace's house, leaped from his horse, ran into the Justice's office; his face was haggard; his eyes wild, his voice gasping. He said: "I have just killed my brother at Chateau de Kersalaun. I shot him with a revolver. I am going to surrender myself prisoner." He did not wait for a reply, got on his horse, galloped to Chateaulin, rang at the house of the Prosecuting Attorney, and when admitted, said, "I come to declare I have murdered my brother and to ask for meet punishment." Justice and Attorney each thought him crazy, or the author of a deplorable accident. The former went to Chateau de Kersalaun, and the first object which he saw was Mme. de Kermel kneeling by the corpse of her youngest son as it lay on the library floor.

When Oliver de Kermel was arraigned, his counsel moved postponement of trial till the next term of the Court of Assizes. His counsel allege him to be insane, and ask time that his mental condition may be examined by experts. The trial was upon these rounds postponed.

The following advertisement is going the round of the Paris papers:—"After a war so disastrous and the total dislocation of French fortunes, it would be easy to reconstitute one's fortune by a brilliant marriage under the most desirable conditions; to reach this difficult end the mediation of M. de F. will be found especially valuable in these critical times. After such a chaotic condition of affairs, to remould such an administration as his is an arduous and costly task—so much so, indeed, that a man must be actuated by a sincere love of his profession, and must be borne up by the experience of forty-five years' success, to continue the career. Sums varying from 50,000 have often been paid down by M. de F. to an intermediary for his assistance in arranging the marriage of a widow or a young lady. This rôle, generally committed only to men versed in business, may now be undertaken by ladies in society who may have only a secondary aptitude, as they will always be guided by the counsels of M. de F., who will, however, always remain in the background. The name and address are given in full, and desirable parties are requested to apply early."

A correspondent of a Vienna paper recently saw the ex-Prince Imperial of France at Chiselhurst, and gives the following description of him:—"An overgrown boy with a pleasant face, dreamy, but meaningless eyes, manners not very graceful, and a smile which reminds you of that cold, freezing smile which his father, the ex-Emperor, would put on when he wanted to make himself amiable. The Prince's forehead is low, and shows that his intellectual capacity cannot be very great. His teachers are said to be much dissatisfied with the slow progress he makes in his studies."

CENTRE TORONTO.
MR. F. SHANLY'S
Central Committee

Will meet in the
AGRICULTURAL HALL,
ON
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,
Of each week, from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
JOHN WORTHINGTON,
Chairman.
J. S. WILLIAMS,
Secretary.

CENTRE TORONTO.
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FOR THE
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ARE AT
No. 353 Yonge Street.
Open daily till 10 p.m.
G. R. KINGSMILL,
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CENTRE TORONTO.
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FOR THE
Northern Division of St. John's Ward,
ARE AT THE
CORNER ELIZABETH AND AGNES STS.
Open daily till 10 p.m.
J. W. PHILLIPS,
Chairman.
G. L. TIZARD,
Secretary.

CENTRE TORONTO.
Mr. Shanly's Committee Rooms

FOR THE
Southern Division of St. John's Ward,
ARE AT
56 ELIZABETH ST.,
CORNER OF LOUISA STREET.
Open daily till 10 p.m.
CHARLES FISHER,
Chairman.
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THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' HOUSE
FOR DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.



R. WALKER & SONS.

NINE HOURS' MEN ATTENTION!
M. A. M'CARTHY,
169 QUEEN STREET WEST,
CORNER SIMCOE,
UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT.
Funerals Furnished on Shortest Notice.
NOTE THE ADDRESS—
169 QUEEN ST. WEST,
CORNER OF SIMCOE.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY
BOTH FOR
NEW & SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.
A good assortment of Sideboards, Lounges and House Furnishing Goods of every description. Always on hand.
CARPETS, STOVES, &c.
FURNITURE EXCHANGED.
All kinds of Furniture neatly repaired.
Sofas Re-covered and Chairs Re-caned.
Call before purchasing elsewhere.
JAMES WEEKES,
247 and 249 Yonge Street.

MEAKIN & CO.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
A JOB LOT OF BLACK SILK
WHICH WILL BE SOLD VERY CHEAP.
207 YONGE STREET,
OPPOSITE ALBERT STREET.
SHIRTS, TIES, COLLARS,
And a General Assortment of Dry Goods,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
MEAKIN & CO., 207 Yonge St.

JUST PUBLISHED.
The Life, Speeches, Labors and Essays
OF
WILLIAM H. SYLVIS,
Late President of the "National Labor Union" and Iron Moulders International Union, by his brother J. C. SYLVIS, of Sunbury, Pa. A text book on Labor Reform. A book which should be in the hands of every working man in the United States. The book contains four hundred and fifty-six pages, with a fine steel engraving of the deceased; is neatly and serviceably bound, and the price reduced to the lowest possible figure. A portion of the proceeds derived from the sale of the work is to be devoted to the young Orphan Family of the deceased. The late Wm. H. SYLVIS was identified with the labor movement in this country, from its earliest conception, and his writings and speeches, it is universally conceded, exercised a marked influence abroad, while to them, more than any, is due the surprising progress which that movement has made here. His Biography is therefore in a great measure a history of the Labor movement, and no man who desires to keep pace with the times should be without a copy.
Price \$1 50, sent by Mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.
J. C. SYLVIS,
Sunbury, Northumberland Co., Pa.

GO TO CRAWFORD & SMITH'S FOR
Millinery and Mantles, Parasols, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Laces &c.
CRAWFORD & SMITH,
91 King Street East,
Beg to call special attention to their new stock of Grey and White Cotton Sheetings, Twilled and Plain, all widths, Quilts, Table Damasks, Table Covers, Lace Curtains, Prints, Towellings, &c., at very low prices for ready money.
NEW DRESS FABRICS AT HALF PRICE
CRAWFORD & SMITH
Are now showing One Case LIGHT MARL COSTUME CLOTHS at 25 Cents per yard, sold all along at 40 and 45 Cents per yard.
WEST END FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS.
JAMES McQUILLAN,
Furniture Dealer, 258 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.
Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches. City Express delivery promptly executed. Household Furniture removed with greatest care.
First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

HEAD OFFICE FOR WESTERN CANADA:
NO. 2 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

(Incorporated 1820. Commenced Business in Canada in 1850.)

Accumulated Assets, July 1, 1871, over.....	\$16,000,000
Annual Income.....	6,000,000
Surplus over all Liabilities.....	3,000,000
Deposited with Canadian Government.....	100,000
Already paid to Widows and Orphans in Canada, nearly.....	200,000

ALL POLICIES STRICTLY NON-FORFEITING.

No money paid to this Company can ever be lost by discontinuing payments after the second year. The policy remains good, on application, for more insurance than the Cash paid in.

This Old, Reliable, and Most Successful Company affords great advantages in Life Insurance.

AN ANNUAL REVENUE OF OVER \$6,000,000.

Over \$16,000,000 Safely Invested at Interest.

JOHN GARVIN, MANAGER.

The Best Assorted Stock
OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING,
MILLINERY AND MANTLES,
CARPETS AND GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
TORONTO AND LONDON.



FACTS FOR THE WORKINGMEN!
We buy through no other house, but manufacture ourselves, and import direct from foreign manufacturers, hence can and do sell cheaper than any other house in the city. Please remember the sign and address,
Hats that are Hats, 55 King St. East.
OPPOSITE TORONTO STREET.

IMPORTANT TO THE TRADES UNION.
NINE HOUR MECHANICS
RECEIVE AMPLE SATISFACTION BY DEALING AT THE
Cheapest Hat Store in the City.
J. C. PRITTE,
Hatter and Furrier,
24 YONGE STREET
Four Doors South of Trinity Square.

M. McCABE,
PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,
165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO,
(OPPOSITE COLLEGE AVENUE.)
Hearses, Carriages, Scarfs, Gloves, and Crape, furnished at funerals. Fisk's Patent Metallic Cases on hand.
M. McCABE has been appointed City Undertaker by His Worship the Mayor.

L. SIEVERT,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF,
And every description of Tobacconist's Goods,
70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

GO TO CRAWFORD & SMITH'S FOR
Millinery and Mantles, Parasols, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Laces &c.
CRAWFORD & SMITH,
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Beg to call special attention to their new stock of Grey and White Cotton Sheetings, Twilled and Plain, all widths, Quilts, Table Damasks, Table Covers, Lace Curtains, Prints, Towellings, &c., at very low prices for ready money.

NEW DRESS FABRICS AT HALF PRICE
CRAWFORD & SMITH
Are now showing One Case LIGHT MARL COSTUME CLOTHS at 25 Cents per yard, sold all along at 40 and 45 Cents per yard.

WEST END FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS.
JAMES McQUILLAN,
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Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches. City Express delivery promptly executed. Household Furniture removed with greatest care.
First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand.

T. H. Bartindale & Co.

NO. 4 KING STREET EAST, HAMILTON.
Have imported specially for this Season's Trade, one of
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCKS
OF
DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, AND MANTLES,
Ever Brought into Hamilton,

All of which we are selling at the very Lowest Remunerative Prices.
T. H. BARTINDALE & CO.
4 KING STREET EAST.

FOR FANCY DRESS GOODS,
FOR PLAIN LUSTRES, IN ALL SHADES,
FOR FIGURED LUSTRES, IN ALL SHADES
FOR SILK WARP LUSTRES IN ALL SHADES,
FOR ALL-WOOL EMPRESS CLOTH IN ALL SHADES,
FOR COLORED DRESS GOODS, OF ALL KINDS—GO TO

T. H. BARTINDALE & CO.
FOR BLACK LUSTRES,
FOR BLACK LUSTRES (DOUBLE WARP.)
FOR BLACK FIGURED LUSTRES,
FOR BLACK COUBOURG,
FOR BLACK PARAMATTA,
FOR BLACK HENRIETTA CLOTH,
FOR BLACK CRAPE CLOTH,
FOR BLACK BARATHEA,
FOR BLACK SERGES—GO TO

T. H. BARTINDALE & CO.
FOR BLACK SILKS AT ALL PRICES,
FOR COLORED SILKS IN ALL THE NEW SHADES,
FOR STRIPED SILKS,
FOR PLAIN JAPANESE SILKS, BY YARD OR DRESS,—GO TO

T. H. Bartindale & Co.
FOR HORROCKSES' WHITE COTTON, (ALL LETTERS.)
FOR WHITE COTTON AT ALL PRICES,
FOR WHITE COUNTERPANES,
FOR COLORED COUNTERPANES,
FOR WHITE TABLE COVERS,
FOR FANCY TABLE COVERS,
FOR WHITE SHEETINGS,
FOR WHITE PILLOW COTTON,
FOR WHITE PILLOW LINEN,—GO TO

T. H. Bartindale & Co.
FOR WHITE MARSEILLES,
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FOR FANCY PRINTS OF ALL KINDS,—GO TO

T. H. Bartindale & Co.
FOR LACE CURTAINS,
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FOR WOMEN'S BROWN COTTON HOSE,
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FOR WOMEN'S HEATHER COTTON HOSE—GO TO

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FOR CHILDREN'S WHITE COTTON HOSE,
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T. H. Bartindale & Co.
FOR MEN'S HOSE, OF ALL KINDS,
FOR BOY'S HOSE, ALL SIZES,
FOR BOY'S HOSE, ALL SIZES—GO TO

T. H. Bartindale & Co.
FOR WOMEN'S KID GLOVES,
FOR WOMEN'S LISLE GLOVES,
FOR WOMEN'S SILK GLOVES,
FOR WOMEN'S LISLE GAUNTLETS—GO TO

T. H. Bartindale & Co.
FOR MISSES' KID GLOVES, ALL SIZES,
FOR MISSES' LISLE GLOVES,
FOR MISSES' COTTON GLOVES—GO TO

T. H. Bartindale & Co.
FOR LADIES' FRENCH WOVEN CORSETS,
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FOR MISSES' CORSETS, ALL SIZES—GO TO

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FOR GUIPURE LACES, WHITE AND BLACK,
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FOR BLACK THREAD LACE,
FOR WHITE VALENCIENNES LACE,
FOR THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF REAL LACES TO BE FOUND IN HAMILTON—GO TO

T. H. Bartindale & Co.
FOR AN IMMENSE STOCK OF REAL LACE COLLARS IN ALL THE NEW STYLES—GO TO

T. H. Bartindale & Co.
FOR ANY THING YOU MAY WANT IN DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND MANTLES—GO TO

Hamilton Election Notices.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

CITY OF HAMILTON.

GENTLEMEN: Having been nominated at a Public Meeting of the citizens of Hamilton, as a Candidate for the House of Commons at the approaching Election, I respectfully solicit your votes and influence.

If elected I shall give the present Ministry a generous support upon all measures which in my judgment shall be conducive to the best interests of the country; but shall reserve to myself the right to oppose them should they introduce measures calculated to have a contrary effect.

I approve of the adoption of the Washington Treaty at the last Session of Parliament.

I also approve of the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway in the manner proposed by the present Ministry; but will use my influence to have it constructed South of Lake Nipissing, unless it can be clearly shown by a proper and satisfactory survey that it would be more advantageous to the Dominion to have it constructed to the North of the Lake.

I approve of the adoption of a judicious Protective Tariff, with a view of encouraging our rapidly developing industries.

I am in favor of living on the most friendly terms with the people of the United States, and will do all in my power to encourage them to invest their capital here, and, when possible to do so, to induce them to make their home in Canada, believing, as I do, that many of our most valuable and loyal citizens were once citizens of the United States.

I claim to be a man of the people; I belong to the ranks, my sympathies are with the people, and I shall do all in my power to aid in the enactment of such laws as shall conduce to the happiness and the well being of the working classes in common with all others; and I shall leave nothing undone on my part to promote to the utmost good feeling between the employers and employees, believing that upon this depends the material prosperity, as well as the happiness of all classes of our citizens.

Whether elected or not, I shall at all times do everything in my power to advance the best interests of the City of Hamilton. I am proud of our city, I am proud of her people, and it shall ever be my very great pleasure, whether in the House of Commons or out of, to work for the material prosperity of Hamilton, from whose citizens I have ever received the kindest consideration.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
D. B. CHISHOLM.

Hamilton, July 17, 1872.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

CITY OF HAMILTON.

GENTLEMEN: As a candidate, nominated at a public meeting of electors to solicit your suffrages for election to the Dominion Parliament, I respectfully ask your votes and influence.

Should you honor me by returning me to the House of Commons as your representative, I shall deem it my duty to give a hearty support to such measures of the Government as my judgment may convince me to be in harmony with the public good.

The Treaty of Washington, which happily bids fair to restore that amity and confidence so desirable between nations so near akin as the Mother Country, America and ourselves, has my hearty approval; and as grievances so vexatious, embarrassing, and of such long standing as are overcome by this Treaty have, with powerful nations, rarely yielded but to the arbitrament of the sword, I am firmly persuaded our consent could not have been withheld without incurring the odium of breaking a bond of peace and becoming a stumbling-block to the advance of civilization.

A judicious Protective Tariff tending, as I believe it does, to nurture our manufactures, thereby increasing our wealth and giving to our people for their children in their own country the advantages of diversified industries—shall have my earnest support.

To promote the development of the wealth of the country by the settlement of Crown Lands, promoting means of communication and other internal improvements, as well as by countenancing Legislation tending to promote harmony and good-will between all classes of the community, I shall always deem my duty.

As I have full confidence that a steady adherence to such measures as these, must in promoting the interests of all classes through the country, be also best for all classes in our own progressive city. I confidently anticipate the support of the electors of the constituency.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, yours obediently,
H. B. WITTON.

Hamilton, July 18, 1872.

The Emperor of Japan was recently witty; he was shown the corking of a bottle of wine by a steam-hammer. He requested that the hammer might be made to uncork the bottle, as that was the most serviceable proceeding. It was explained that it was powerless to do so, when his Majesty signified his intention of taking the shine out of the hammer—uncorked the bottle and called for glasses.

There is a cry of distress among the poorer classes of all the capitals of Europe from the impossibility of securing decent homes in the cities. In Berlin it has been absolutely necessary for the police and the Government to interfere on behalf of the poor, while the same evil is assuming such proportions in London that the matter has actually demanded the attention and interference of Parliament.

HATS! HATS! HATS

HATS! American.
HATS! French.
HATS! English.
HATS! Home-made.
HATS! Straw.
HATS! Silk.
HATS! Drab.
HATS! All colors and qualities.

Cloth Caps in every Variety,
AT
McCROSSON & CO.,
111 King Street East.

133 YONGE STREET. 133

G. M. LYNN & CO.,
celebrated for their
CHEAP
BOOTS AND SHOES.
No Better Stock in the Market.
G. W. LYNN & CO.,
TEMPERANCE STREET.
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IMPORTERS OF
Woolens, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.
CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
151 King Street East, Toronto.
Special attention given to the Order Clothing Department.

ONE OF THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCKS OF

New Fancy Dress Goods

In the City, at all Prices.
NEW SELF-COLOR DRESSES,
NEW JAPANESE SILK DRESSES,
NEW WASHING DO., 33 cents a yard.
NEW BLACK SILKS,
NEW MOURNING DRESSES,
NEW PRINTS, COTTON, &c., &c.
OUR OWN DIRECT IMPORTATIONS,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
C. PAGE & SONS,
London House,
194 and 196 Yonge Street.

WORKINGMEN, RALLY TO THE STANDARD.

THOS. H. TAYLOR'S PANTS

LOOK WELL!
FIT WELL!
WEAR WELL!
OUR \$12 SUITS
ARE PRONOUNCED
"INIMITABLE."
OUR GENTS' FURNISHINGS
ARE WELL WORTH
INSPECTION.
THOS. H. TAYLOR,
Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher,
205 Yonge St., Toronto.

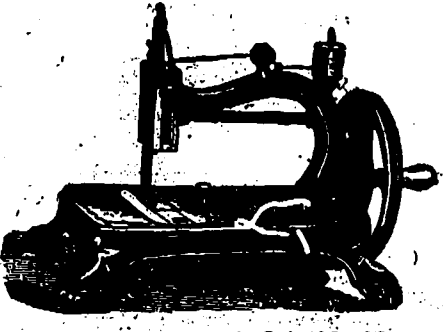
THE ONTARIO WORKMAN

A WEEKLY PAPER,

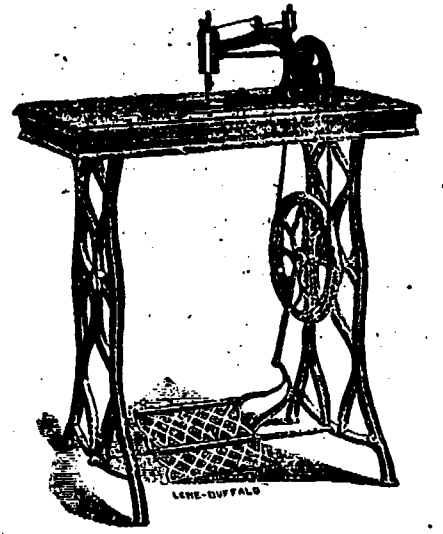
DEVOTED TO THE
Interests of the Working Classes.

OFFICE:
Bay Street, one door south of Grand's Royal Horse Bazaar.

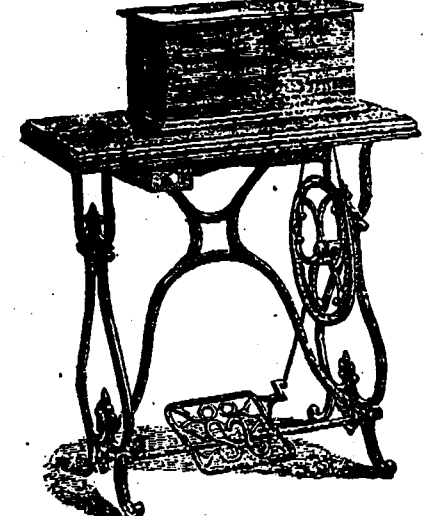
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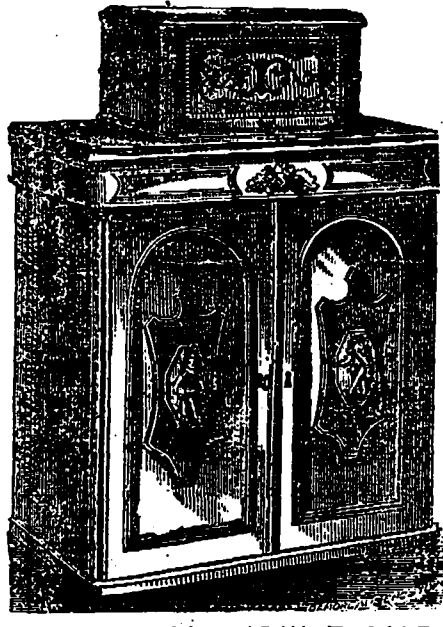
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PRICE \$25.00.



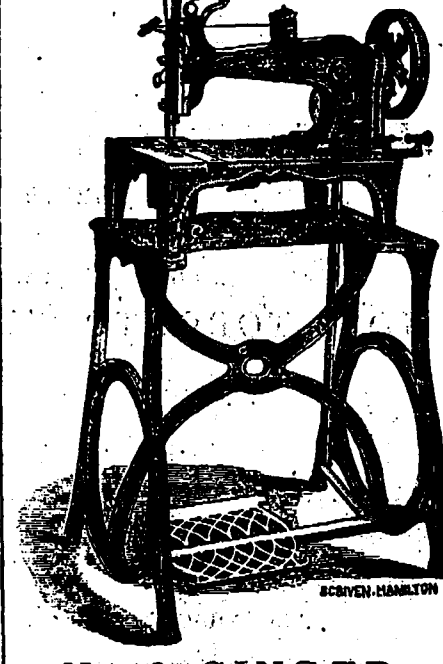
No. 1—PLAIN TOP,
PRICE \$32.00.



No. 2—HALF CABINET CASE,
PRICE \$35.00.



No. 3—FULL CABINET CASE,
PRICE \$45.00 AND UPWARDS.



No. 2—SINGER,
PRICE \$55.00.

The above Machines are the best and cheapest in the market.
WILSON, LOCKMAN & Co.,
Manufacturers,
HAMILTON, ONT.

Miscellaneous.

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS.

A. S. IRVING,

35 King Street West, Toronto,
Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of
Mechanical and Scientific Books.
AND ALSO ALL THE
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.
Give him a call. 3tc

NOTICE.

H. MATHESON'S

New Patented System
FOR
Drafting Coats, Vests,
and Pants.

Is arranged on a 26-inch rule, with combination scales thereon, capable of drafting a coat in five minutes in a beautiful design and accurate in every point; seven scales for a sacque coat, and eight for a body coat, and three scales for a vest and three scales for pants. It will draft on as small a quantity of cloth as any pattern in the world.
For further information, see the Globe and Leader, or apply to the inventor.

H. MATHESON,

16 King Street, Toronto. 3tc

DUTY OFF TEA.

The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public of Toronto that on account of the duty coming off Tea on the 1st of July next, he will offer his extensive stock of
Fine Green and Black Teas
At the following reduced prices:—
Finest Young Hyson, lately sold for \$1.60 now 90c
Extra very Fine do., " 1.00 " 80c
Very Fine do., " 0.80 " 70c
Finest Souchoong and Congou lately sold for " 1.00 " 80c
Very Fine do., lately sold for " 0.80 " 70c
Very Fine Japan, Oolong and Pekoe Teas, lately sold for " 0.70 " 60c
G. L. GARDEN,
Wine and Spirit Merchant,
65 King Street, corner of Bay Street.
(Late Robt. Davis & Co.)

I. & F. COOPER,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS
OF
SHIRTS, COLLARS, HOSIERY,
GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
120 YONGE STREET.

GOLDEN BOOT,

200 YONGE STREET,
WM. WEST & CO.,
A SPLENDID STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
IN GREAT VARIETY,
Suitable for Workingmen and their Families,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Call and See for yourselves. 2tc

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Do not wait to be called upon!
NOW IS THE TIME.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
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INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
Single Copies Five Cents,
Can be had at the Workingman's News Store, No. 211 King Street East, and News Stores generally.

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Society Seal Presses,

RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS,
CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, & C.,
ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS.
CHAS. A. SCADDING,
83 Bay Street, Toronto.

Hotels.

THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET.

WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR.
Best Choicest brands of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. 1ct

QUEEN'S OWN HOTEL—ROBERT TAYLOR,

proprietor, 101 King Street West. Choicest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand. The best Free and Easy in the city attaches to this establishment. 2tc

Groceries and Liquors.

NINE HOURS MOVEMENT.

Workingmen of Toronto, Attention.

JOHN BURNS,

CORNER OF QUEEN AND JAMES STS., NEAR YONGE,
GENERAL DEALER IN
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
Constantly on hand the choicest brands of Flour. Special attention given to this branch of business.
Liberal Inducements to Nine-hour Men. 2tc

GENTLEMEN SHOULD SEND THEIR

SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, &c.,

AND HAVE THEM
BEAUTIFULLY GOT UP,
AT THE
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